







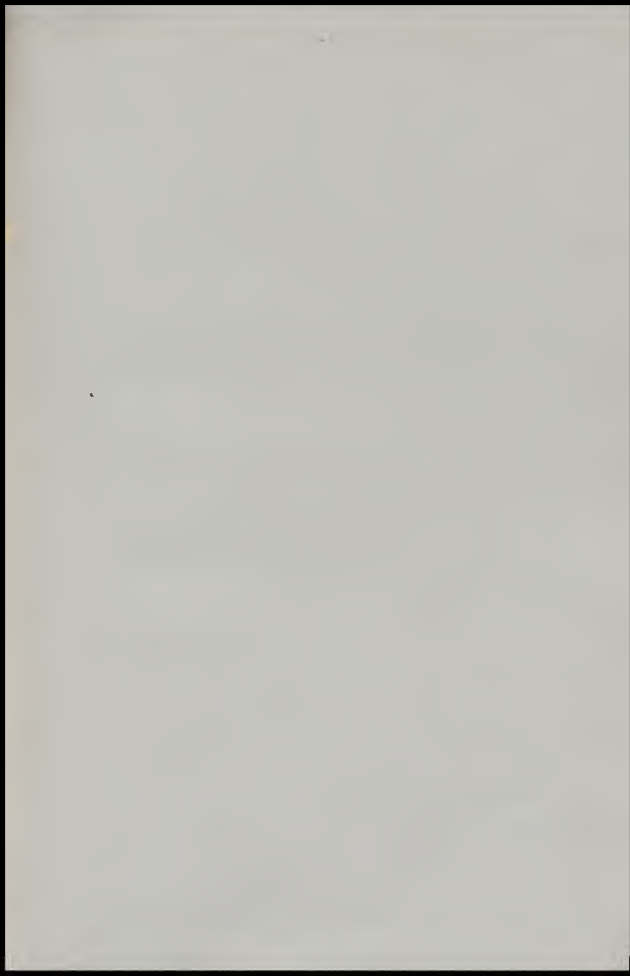


Alton High School Year Book

T H E T A T L E R

Volume Six Nineteen Eleven







Here's to the A. H. S. girl so fair,
She's really a wonder, we declare;
But here's to the girl you'd call the best—
The Junior Co-ed; she leads the rest!

SCHOOL SPIRIT



WHAT is school spirit? It is that loyalty in a student which prompts unfaltering devotion to the institution with which he is associated. It spells enthusiasm, patience and loyalty. It is the pluck, the worthy industry, the mutual good-will and the common determination which unify a school and make it a power in the community. As we hope to become useful citizens and grateful supporters of our state and nation, so we should strive to practice the virtues of good citizenship in our school.

As the issuing of each successive volume of this year book is a manifestation of worthy school spirit, so is its purpose to develop and stimulate it in the recitation room, on the gridiron and in all school enterprises.

In recollection of the commendable spirit shown in the past, it is the wish of THE TATLER that amity and earnestness and the spirit of progress shall always be the attributes of the students of Alton High School.




CONTENTS

	Page
THE FACULTY	8
HONOR ROLL	10
COMMENCEMENT 1909	12
LITERARY—	15
The Call of the West	16
The Comet	18
The Fourth Demerit	19
The Water-Lily	23
Number 817	24
My Sonnet	27
When Jack Won	28
Das Fest Der Schornsteinfeger	31
Portia on Demerits	32
Wane Craig, Impersonator	33
A Rose and a Maiden	36
ORGANIZATIONS—	37
Alumni Association	38
Athletic Association	39
Literary Societies	41
Illini	42
Pushmataha	46
Der Deutsche Verein	50
Sodalitas Latina	52
Alton Arts and Artisan's Association	55
Dramatics	57
Mr. Bob	58
Anne of Old Salem	61
Operetta, Sylvia	66



	Page
PUBLICATIONS—	69
The Tatler	70
The Quill	72
MUSIC—	74
Glee Club	75
Orchestra	76
Girls' Chorus	78
CALENDAR	80
CLASSES—	88
February Class of 1910	89
Seniors	92
June Class of 1910	
February Class of 1911	
Juniors	106
Second Section	
First Section	
Sophomores	129
Second Section	
First Section	
Freshmen	138
Second Section	
First Section	
ATHLETICS—	148
Football	
Basketball	
Wearers of the A	
Baseball	
JOKES	161



The Faculty

R. A. HAIGHT, A.M. Pd.D.
Superintendent of Schools, Alton, Illinois

B. C. RICHARDSON, A.M.
Principal of the High School
English and Latin

CARRIE G. RICH, (Ill. State Normal)
History

BERTHA W. FERGUSON, A.B.
Latin and German

HELEN A. NAYLOR, A.B.
Latin and Commercial

CAROLYN M. WEMPEN, B.S.
Mathematics

JOSEPHINE GILMORE, Ph.B.
English

E. L. KING, A.B., B.S.
*Mathematics and
Civics*



ESTELLA MCCARTHY, A.B.
Latin and English

AGNES HUTCHINSON, A.B.
Latin and German

ROSE BIXLER, A.B.
*English and
Pedagogy*

BERTHA BAILS, A.B.
*Mathematics and
Science*

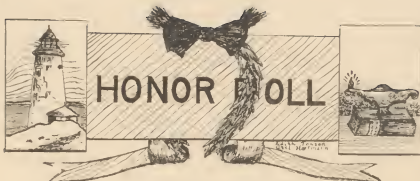
R. L. BIRD, A.B.
Science

S. J. MOORE, A.B.
Science

MAUDE GILLHAM
Stenography and Typewriting

SARA E. HUDSON
Supervisor of Drawing

FRIEDA GOSSRAU
Supervisor of Music



Second Semester, 1908-9

High Honor Roll

REQUIREMENT: *No grade below excellent,
and no demerits*

Kathaleen Heskett
Hortense Rodgers
Tilton Wead

Winfrey Gregory

Edith Browne

Frances Harris
Dorothy Browne
Gertrude Kelsey


Lelia Bauer
Elizabeth Dorman
Ethel Waltrip

Honor Roll

REQUIREMENT: *No grade below 85, and not
more than three demerits*

Martin Bristow
Mayme Coleman
Viola Loarts
Lela Logan
Lillian Marsh
Philomene Marum
Leland Osborn
Lauretta Paul
Wilma Pierce
Florence Steiner
Verna Warner
James Wilson

Julius Meisenheimer
August Luer
George Powell
Edna Smith
Florence Weindel
Myrtle Boals
Carl Hartmann
Frederic Norton
John Ryrie
Flora Glen
Matilda Yager



Dora Bennes
Robert Bradshaw
Walter Burns
Vivienne Carter
Henry Carstens
Mabel Hammons
Frances Hurlbutt
Winifred Johnson

Cora Pile
Agnes Powell
Bertha Stutz
Helen Boals
William Stritmatter
Annie Werts
Eunice Whitney
Karl Scherer

First Semester, 1909-10

High Honor Roll

REQUIREMENT: *No grade below excellent, and no demerits*

Edith Browne
Frances Harris
Ruth McHolland
George Powell
Edna Smith
Florence Weindel
Dorothy Browne

Cora Pile
Ethel Waltrip
Eunice Whitney
Walter Browne
Elizabeth Martin
Gladys May

Honor Roll

REQUIREMENT: *No grade below 85, and not more than three demerits*

Winfrey Gregory
Frieda Netzhhammer
Myrtle Boals
Alfred Bratfisch
Madeline Day
Clausy Heppner
Paul Jacoby
Angelica Kaufman
August Luer
Mabel Neff
Hilda Steiner
Josephine Webb
Cora Wuerker
Gertrude Kelsey
Edith Lowe

Mildred Rutledge
Martha Stanly
Lelia Bauer
Walter Burns
Dell Dahlstrom
Elizabeth Dorman
Clara Randolph
George Smith
Helen Boals
Vera Greeling
Clark Gillham
Alice Joesting
Lenore Lehne
Emily Nixon
Paul Scott



ALTON HIGH SCHOOL

Class of 1909

Class Day Program, June 17th, 2 p.m.

Piano Duet Virginia English, Pearl Paul

Class History Laoretta Paul

Oration—"The Call of Tomorrow" Clark Wells

Vocal Solo—"The Swallows" Cowen
Maude Ballenger

Class Poem Bertha Fiegenbaum

Recitation—"Annunciata" Lanton
Alice Morris

Song—"There Was an Old Woman" Jarvis
Senior Double Quartet

Maude Ballenger	Nelson Schweppe
Kathleen Heskett	Harold Curdie
Imo Gillham	Fred McPike
Hallie Mae Logan	Harvey Harris

Class Prophecy Lela Logan

Class Will Philomene Marum

Vocal March Boys' Glee Club

President's Address Walter Smith

Selection from "Faust" High School Orchestra



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Class of 1909

ALTON HIGH SCHOOL

High School Auditorium, Friday, June 18, 1909

Program

Music—"March aux Flambeaux" *Clark*
High School Orchestra

Music—Piano Duet Florence Edna Sawyer, Verna Grace Warner

Invocation

Music—"Song of Welcome" *Lejeal*
Class Trio

Lillian Blanche Marsh Myrtle Helen Volz
Johanna Katherine Masel

Salutatory Ethel Hortense Rodgers

Music—"Bridal Chorus" (Rose Maiden) *Cowen*
High School Chorus

Address—"The Golden Key" Sylvester A. Long

Music—"Angels' Song" *Braga*
Class Trio


Valedictory Maria Tilton Wead

Music—"Class Song" *Pflock*

Presentation of Diplomas By T. H. Perrin
President of the Board of Education

Music—"Be Glad, Lass and Lad," *Gumbert*
High School Chorus

Benediction



Class Roll

Maude Denzel Ballenger	Frances Evelyn Lowe
Marjorie Betts	Frederick Earl McPike
Oliver Martin Bristow	Lillian Blanche Marsh
Marguerite Buck	Julia Philomene Marum
Lewis Edward Calame	Johanna Katherine Masel
Mayme Elizabeth Coleman	Charles Kirk Mook
Harold Horatio Curdie	Alice Casperson Morris
Lucy Loretto Degenhardt	Nellie Lee Mottaz
Lawrence Loomis Dorsey	Ernest Julius Netzhammer
Elizabeth Eberhardt	Leland George Osborn
Mary Helen Ellison	Fannie Fern Oulson
Virginia Lee English	Elda Maurine Paul
Frances Alice Fechner	Ethel Lorine Paul
Bertha Clara Fiegenbaum	Lauretta Grace Paul
Flossie Russell Fowler	Viola Pearl Paul
Imo Gillham	Wilma Veola Pierce
Alma Rhea Green	Edna Rachel Radcliff
Lillian Alice Hamilton	Ethel Hortense Rodgers
Harvey Pope Harris	Nettie Rosebery
Grace Kathaleen Heskett	Florence Edna Sawyer
Kendall Eaton Hopkins	Henry Nelson Schweppe
Harry Watson Johnson	Walter Ellis Smith
John Edward Juttemeyer	Florence Maria Steiner
Mary Edna Kelsey	Sanford King Taylor
Lenora Minnie Koch	Pearl Inez Trube
Hannah Helen Kranz	Myrtle Helen Volz
Florence Lyndell Kuhn	Verna Grace Warner
William Edward Levis	Maria Tilton Wead
Viola Mignonette Loarts	Clark LaNier Wells
Hallie Mae Logan	James Wilson
Lela Alice Logan	Rose Elizabeth Fay Yaeger

MOTTO—"Launched but not anchored"



LITERARY



THE CALL OF THE WEST


First Prize



The West! The West! What a world of meaning those two words convey! They recall the time when the West was a wilderness infested by wandering tribes of Indians, when it was the hunter's and trapper's paradise,—then the advent of the "forty-niners" and the hardships, dangers, and sufferings endured in the search for gold—how a few were successful in finding the precious metal, but how a great many were stranded—and then how those stranded ones turned their hands to other things—cattle and sheep-raising, lumbering, and especially to farming. Then it became a reality that the true wealth of the West lay in the soil.

This fact has a special significance, when, "Back to the farm!" is heard on every side, when people in all phases of life are leaving their present occupation and are rushing back to the country; when, more than ever before, mankind is realizing the value of agricultural schools and the use of modern and devised methods in farming, when it is seen that farming is not a mere side issue, but that it is a business and a science. And where, where do these enthusiasts go? Where, to practice their new ideas and methods? To the West! The West, swelling each year with the tide of emigrating farmers—farmers who have left the East to go where success is assured; where the climate stimulates ambition and fills the body with new life; where the calm, clear atmosphere and the bright sunshiny days assist him in his efforts; where, through energy and perseverance, farming has proved a wonderful success in all of its branches; where the farmer of ten acres has as much chance as he who possesses thousands; where each works for the good of all; where co-operation, by means of which all difficulties have been overcome, is the distinguishing feature.


Through the combined efforts of the people, the water problem has been solved; some of the greatest engineering feats in history have been accomplished; rivers have been made to change their



courses, or have been converted into enormous reservoirs, veritable inland seas; for miles and miles the precious liquid has been carried overland, by means of tunnels, aqueducts, and canals, and thus, by the aid of irrigation and dry land farming, thousands and thousands of acres of desert land have been reclaimed. No longer is the Western farmer harassed by dreams of droughts and dying fields of grain or withered orchards and vineyards; he is practically independent of rainfall; he gives his time and labor to his crops, assisting them in every way possible, knowing that for every degree of care and patience which he expends upon them, he will be repaid tenfold. His object is to produce the very best; he is "in the service of quality."

Then, when his crops are matured, he does not have to rush immediately to market to beat his neighbor and to get the first chances for a sale; neither is it necessary for him to store away his crops and pretend a scarcity of them. But by the aid of co-operation, central exchanges have been established, which attend to the grading, packing and shipping, not only finding a good market, but securing the very highest market prices at any time of the year. So efficient are these institutions that others are constantly being organized, the officials being paid by levying a tax or duty on the shipments. Their business integrity is of such high standard that, when a merchant receives a shipment from any of them, he knows it is just exactly what he has ordered. He knows that if the articles on top are A No. 1, those on the bottom will be of like quality. Upon receiving a carload of grain it is unnecessary for him to go to the additional expense of sorting it out. When he receives a shipment of apples, oranges, lemons, grapes or any other fruits, he knows that he can put them in cold storage and that they will keep, that there is no danger of decay, because they have been packed with the greatest possible care, and furthermore, because goods of inferior quality are not allowed to be sent out. Therefore, he can afford to pay higher prices; in fact, he will even pay premium prices to get Western crops. Can the same be said of the Eastern farmer?

The East must give way to the West in the future as it has in the past. Throughout the ages the call of the West has been imperative. It was in response to this summons that our Aryan ancestors left the Far East and moved on and on until the Atlantic checked their progress. Then with the discovery of America by Columbus the long restrained tide of emigration poured itself into the land of promise. Gradually this tide moved on until the discovery of gold furnished a new impetus—an impetus that soon filled the country



with fortune seekers. Yet gold was merely the key which disclosed the vast and true wealth and opportunities of the land. Progress has continually moved Westward, and in the New West it rests today.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

AUGUST LUER, '10

THE COMET

First Prize

O vagrant of the boundless blue,
Thou wanderest in the hazy hue
Where whirling worlds in circle swing,
And whence no mortal eye can wing.

What mind can rise to starry heights
And trace thee through the heavenly lights?
Whose earthly powers can estimate
Thy trackless path and meteor fate?

Is it that Omnipresence strong
That lists unto the children's song,
The Power that guides the sparrow's flight,
That marks thy swift, onrushing night?

This comfort know, through all the years,
The One whose bane the comet fears,
I need fear not; in peace can rest,
His Word hath said, "I love man best."

E. B.

THE FOURTH DEMERIT

First Prize

IT was a sad and dejected looking boy that threw his books upon the library table.

"Why, James, what is the matter?" asked his mother.

"Got my fourth demerit to-day."

"Well?"

"Well! it means that I am to take all the finals, and just think, mother, 'exams' begin day after to-morrow!"



Truth and Falsehood.

"It really is too bad, son."

"Well, I should say it is too bad, when uncle promised me a watch, providing I didn't have to take the finals, and hadn't more than three demerits. That's not the worst part about it either, I didn't deserve that demerit."

"Why, how is that?"

"It was this way. Victor Hugh saw my foot out in the aisle, and what did he do but stamp on it. I yelled 'ouch,' out loud, and then was told to report a demerit. Now mother, do you think I was to blame?"

"Not altogether, son, but, if I were you, I should keep my feet under my desk, after this."

Next door a youth laid his books upon the table in a way that startled his mother, too.

"Why, Victor, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing serious, mother, only James Richard is a little 'huffy' at me because he has four demerits, which, you know, means that he must take all the finals."

"Why is he angry at you?"

"He says I deserved the demerit, not he."



"I don't believe you do, Victor; don't worry about the matter, it'll be all right in a day or two."

But Victor knew that he would not see his friend in a good humor the next day; the finals were but two days off, and James must study.

"Glad I didn't get that demerit," sighed Victor, "I deserved it, that's true, but it would mean failure in all my studies if I had another, for I have three demerits now. Mother says I didn't deserve Jim's, but she doesn't know the circumstances."

"Still," said a voice within, "if you deserved it, why didn't you get it?"

"That's so," thought Victor, as he walked out of the house to the Y. M. C. A. building.

Once inside this building Victor forgot his friend, who was studying industriously, muttering every now and then, "just on account of Vic, too." As the boys at the Y. M. C. A. were talking about old time sports such as dueling, Victor grew very much interested, for had not his great-grandfather fought a duel? Dueling to Victor's mind was the most fascinating of all sports of the forgotten days.

It was a late hour when Victor returned home that night, and eight o'clock next morning found him still in bed. He dressed hurriedly, ate little or nothing, and rushed off to school. When he saw James, his haggard look, dim eyes, and forced smile told him he had had a restless night.

That evening the Y. M. C. A. held no charm for him. "But," said he, "I'll read all we have in our own library about dueling, and tell the boys a few things." He did not, however, carry out his plan, for after reading a few pages about dueling, he threw the book upon the table saying:

"Jim Richard's face is painted upon every page of that book; no matter where I look he seems to be looking at me and begging me to help him out of his trouble. Guess I'd better go to bed."

Victor had just laid his head on the pillow when the presence of a figure in the room startled him. The visitor was clothed from head to foot in scarlet armor; on his scarlet shield was a large, black heart, while in his hand he held a sword, which resembled the dying embers on the hearth.



"Guess he's going to fight a duel with me," thought Victor, but he was much relieved when he saw that his guest was followed by another person.

This intruder, unlike the first, was clothed from head to foot in shining white; on his shield he also wore a heart, but it was snow white save for a small blot of black; he likewise had a sword.

"And who may you be?" asked the Red Knight of the other.

"I am the Conqueror Truth; I know without asking that you are the would-be Conqueror Falsehood."

"Correct," said Falsehood, "and, if you are Truth, why that black blot upon your heart, and what is your mission here?"

"This black blot is an unspoken falsehood. My King has commanded me to accept your challenge of a three round battle to blot this dark spot from off the heart of the person whom you are trying to influence."

"You accept my terms, then?"

"Certainly. If you win two out of the three skirmishes, the boy is yours; if I win, he is mine."

"Correct," acquiesced Falsehood. "Let us commence at once."

The swords flashed as they came together, and an exciting battle ensued. Both knights were skilled swordsmen, and, to Victor looking on, it seemed impossible to tell who would win, but fate decided that Truth should conquer at the first encounter. Both looked wearied, but Truth was evidently more fatigued than Falsehood. The heart on the former's shield shone as brightly as the evening star, and the black spot had almost disappeared; but the latter's heart was a dull black scarcely visible. At the end of the second round Falsehood was the victor. His face shone like fire, and his black heart was as bright as a polished mirror; Truth's face was ghastly pale, and his heart was almost covered by the black blot.

"I am sure to win," chuckled Falsehood, "Truth is the same as conquered now."

In the third skirmish, though Truth looked exhausted, hope inspired him, and soon Falsehood lay prostrate before his conqueror. Truth's heart no longer contained a blot, but shone as brightly as the sun. He raised his sword above his head, and cried joyously, "Victor," then vanished.

Victor started. Had he been dreaming? Yes, he must have been.

"Victor, it is half-past seven," called his mother.



"Now I know I was dreaming. It was mother calling me and not my victorious Knight. Just the same James won't have to take the finals if I can help it."

For once Victor was at school early, and he found his friend there too, studying hard.

"James, just a moment of your precious time."

"Can't spare it."

"You can too; you have to, so there! I'm going to see Mr. Jackson—have something to explain to him."

After much persuading James followed to the principal's room.

"Good morning, boys, any finals?"

Yes — —, a — that is I *will* have some," said Victor. "I came to tell you that I deserved that demerit, not James."

James held his breath. What was coming next?

"I stamped on his foot just for meanness. Couldn't blame him for yelling, could you?"

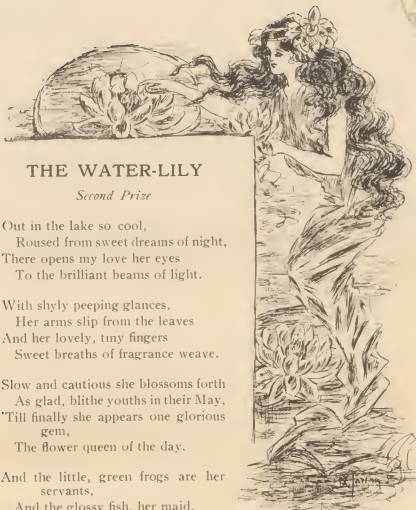
"But, Victor, mother says I should have kept my foot under my desk, and so I should have."

"That doesn't make any difference, you don't deserve that demerit."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Jackson, "since you both see or rather think you are to blame, I'll cancel the demerit this time, but do not let it occur again."

FLORENCE WEINDEL, '10





THE WATER-LILY

Second Prize

Out in the lake so cool,
Roused from sweet dreams of night,
There opens my love her eyes
To the brilliant beams of light.

With shyly peeping glances,
Her arms slip from the leaves
And her lovely, tiny fingers
Sweet breaths of fragrance weave.

Slow and cautious she blossoms forth
As glad, blithe youths in their May,
'Till finally she appears one glorious
gem,
The flower queen of the day.

And the little, green frogs are her
servants,
And the glossy fish, her maid,
And the water sprites, her messengers
Flying here and there bearing aid.

And she reigns in her watery palace supreme,
Beloved by every guest,
Ev'n winged nymphs and fairy elves
Of her go oft in quest.

Thus lives my innocent love,
Out in the lake so wide,
While I stand on the opposite shore,
And try, in vain, my love to hide.

MAY FOREMAN, '11.



NUMBER 817

First Prize

“HELLO, Sis!” exclaimed Bob Ford, as he stepped from the east-bound train. “Gee, I’m glad to see you look so well.”

“Bob, you are a dear to come all the way down here to spend your vacation,” was the reply of Mrs. Hazelton, his sister. Mary Evans and I have arranged some fine surprises for you. By the way, you haven’t met Mary. She is the cutest little darling and lives two doors from us in the next double house. Why she has even asked some of her friends to come over to her house Wednesday evening to meet you.”

At this a look of dismay came over Bob’s face.

“You know, Sis, I came down here to go hunting, and not after girls, either.”

“But, Bob, you must! Everybody has been invited, and it would be a shame to spoil the fun!”

“But I can’t go, because, although I am brave and strong otherwise, I am a coward before girls. Please don’t worry me more about this, because it hurts me more than you know.”

In due time Mary Evans came over, and they were introduced, but, when Mrs. Hazelton purposely left them alone to chat, Bob took the first possible chance offered to leave the room. In the same manner he stayed away from the party on the pretext of having to go to bed early to go fishing the next morning when he conscientiously knew he hadn’t even obtained the bait for the next day’s fishing. But he excused this lie to himself by thinking he would have spoiled the party.

The next Saturday evening Mr. Hazelton laughingly said: “Well, if you are afraid of girls, you certainly aren’t afraid of seeing the city, so, if you have nothing else to do, we’ll go down town. I’ll take my revolver along and have the spring fixed; then we can have some target practice before breakfast to-morrow morning.”

To this Bob readily assented, and soon after supper they started out “to do the town.”

Not long after they were gone, Mrs. Hazelton sighed as she reflected, “Why, Bob’s as big a baby as he was eight or nine years



ago. From the letters he wrote I expected to see an up-to-date man, and to think he is afraid of girls, and Mary especially! Those blue eyes overhung by long eyelashes and that brown and pretty little dimpled face! If they can't win him, what can? I believe I'll read his last letter over again. Let me see: it is in the writing desk. Here it is now. Why, the big silly has addressed it 817 E. Ninth Street. Our address is 821; that is Mary's house, and the houses do look much alike. I don't see how he happened to do it."

Immediately she read the letter to herself, carefully reflecting over each point.

All this time Bob was enjoying himself to the fullest extent, for, although he hated girls, he liked a good time. Mr. Hazelton had the revolver repaired and also bought a box of cartridges.

"Bob," he said, "put these in your pocket, for I have to get some things for my wife, and my pocket space is limited."

Bob obeyed, and the two went on their ways.

About 9:45 p. m. Mr. Hazelton said: "Almost all of our stores are crowded, but you ought to see our five and ten cent store! It's one of Everybody's one hundred and twelve stores. We'll take a stroll over to see it before it closes."

Upon arriving they were packed and jammed in with the rest and soon became separated. After searching for Mr. Hazelton for some time, Bob decided to go home.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself, "I have it. I'll take this skeleton key, open the door, and go up to my room and the folks won't know where I am until morning. This old key used to open almost any door in college, and many is the time that it has helped the Sophs get the Freshies."

On the way home he wondered if the revolver loaded easily, so he took it out, slipped six shells into it and carelessly put it back into his pocket loaded. At length, having reached Ninth Street, he walked up until he came to the eight hundred block.

"Let me see," he reflected, "Sis's number is 817."

He struck a match. "This is 817. Why, I thought it was the next house. Well, here it goes. I won't wake Sis up; I guess she is tired. 'So far, so good,'" he quoted as he turned the key and opened the door, "I'll take off my shoes so as not to awaken her." Silently he climbed the stairs and entered the front room.

"Gee, I am glad she gave me this room!" he murmured. "By leaving the curtain up I have the sun for my alarm clock."



He closed the door behind him, put his shoes in the corner and walked across the room to turn on the light. All this time he did not know that Mary Evans in this very room was undergoing a great fright, for, while lying awake thinking how coldly she had been treated by Bob, she had heard the click of the key as it turned in the lock, and the first thought that came into her mind was burglars. She covered her head and with all her senses alert nervously waited while she heard him creep up the stairs, every second adding new fears, and now to think he was about to turn on the light.

When he did, she put all her strength into one scream, which brought every member of the household to her room, where poor Bob stood in hopeless terror, for now he saw his mistake. As he had no time to flee, he was left to explain the best he could. The only member of the family who had ever met him, was Mary, and she had very good reasons for not recognizing him. In fact, when she first heard him, she had been planning some manner of revenge, and now, when she saw who it was, she debated to herself whether she should recognize and help him out of the trouble or not notice him and let him spend a night in the police station.

"Search him, Phil," said Mr. Evans, pointing at Bob a very large revolver which, from all evidences, had been used in the Civil War.

"It's a mistake!" stammered Bob excitedly, "I—I got into the wrong house."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared old Mr. Evans. "I see it is the wrong house myself, and, when I get through with you, you won't go into another for some time."

"But, father!" protested Mary, coming to Bob's aid, for she could not stand idly by and see a fellow creature receive unjust injury, "he is Mrs. Hazelton's brother, who came to visit her last Monday. Papa, please don't cause him any trouble, for my sake, don't! It was merely a mistake, I assure you."

"Well, the idea of my own daughter encouraging a robber! If he is not a thief, why did he come up stairs in his stocking feet? What is that I see sticking out of his back pocket? Phil, search him! Ha! a revolver, just as I thought, and cartridges and a skeleton key! You can't fool me; come along peaceably now while I telephone for the police!"

As soon as they had gone down stairs, Mary hurriedly slipped on her clothes and, going silently out the front door, ran over to



Hazelton's to inform them of what had happened. They had been waiting for Bob some time, because Mr. Hazelton thought his nephew could find his own way home.

Mrs. Hazelton got the letter, "Look, he went to the same address to which he sends his letters. It surely is a good joke on Bob."

"But you must hurry, the police will be there in a short time," interposed Mary.

They went over to Evans', and very soon matters were explained. It was a much disappointed set of officers that called at the Evans home that night, for they did not take a prisoner back with them.

The next morning Bob paid a visit to his neighbors, and in due time saw Mary. He made many apologies, thanked her sincerely, and ended his remarks with, "By the way, may I call this evening?"

JOE McMULLEN, '11.

My Sonnet

I take my pen in hand to write a verse,
And yet I really know not what to write.
Oh, let me think, and all the forms rehearse—
The ode, the epic, lyrics sweet and trite,
The graceful sonnet; ah, why won't that do?
A sonnet must, I've read, have fourteen lines,
And this is now the seventh: I'm half through,
And have not yet begun. These small confines
I fear will soon precipitate my muse.
Now let me count: There's one, two, three, four, five,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, 'leven; must I close
Within three lines? This sonnet cannot live.
The thirteenth line now occupies my time,
And here's the end. Hurrah! I've done my rhyme!



WHEN JACK WON

Second Prize

ALTHOUGH I had roomed with Jack McCoy for three years at Broadwood, I could never quite understand him, much less did the professors. Full of fun and mischief, so impulsive that one never could tell what he would do next, always ready to take the blame for his and his companions' escapades, of which there were not a few, the friend of the smaller boys and every one that was in trouble, he stood out as the most unusual boy in school. His presence after his first few escapades, was tolerated only because of his baseball ability. An excellent catcher and an accurate hitter, he was by far the best man on the team. With him baseball was a passion, and it was about his only one.

On Monday, the Monday before the game with Concord High, which was to be played on Saturday, I thought that Jack acted strangely. I could not account for the fact in any way, except that he was planning something, very probably nothing good. Then I did the worst thing that I ever did. I went to Smith, the coach, and begged him to watch Jack, as I knew that, if he got into trouble then, he would not be allowed to play, and that would break up the game. Smith promised to watch him as best he could. With that comfort I had to leave town to be gone five days.

Friday night I returned about eight o'clock. Being very tired I went immediately to my room. On entering I was surprised to find Jack sitting there, in a most dejected state. My heart sank, for he never looked like that unless something was troubling him.

"What's the matter?" I said.

He only groaned.

"Come on, Jack, tell me. Maybe I can help you."

"No one can. But I'll tell you about it. You know the Dean never did understand me. Every time anything happens, I get the blame. Of course I have been at the bottom of lots of fun. I couldn't help it. But he ought not to think I am the cause of every misdemeanor."

"Come on with the story," I said impatiently.



"Well, Monday night after you left, about eight o'clock, the Dean's horse came into the stable wearing the harness, which had been cut where it held him to the buggy. Two hours after, the Dean arrived on foot, tired and dusty. He had been calling, and coming out untied his horse and got in; everything looked all right. The horse started and didn't stop till he reached the barn, but the buggy with the angry Dean stayed where it was. He says that, just as the horse started, he heard a laugh and that on looking around, he saw a head duck behind a bush. He says that it was I; but it's a lie; for once I am innocent."

I knew that Jack would not lie to shield himself, so I told him to go on with his story.

"About seven o'clock I started downtown, and, when I was about half way there, I met Professor Henry, who was about to leave on the seven-fifty. He had two large suit cases, so I helped him to the train. I then returned by town getting home at eight-thirty. As it was dark at the station, the ticket agent did not see the Professor get on the train, so the only person that can prove that I was there is the Professor.

"The Dean doesn't believe a word of my story and says that I can't play another game at Broadwood. Everybody has begged, but it's no use. Another complication is that Smith says that you told him to watch me, as you were afraid that I was going to get into trouble."

"Why don't you telegraph Professor Henry?" I said.

"Can't get him anyway but by a special messenger, and two weeks time would be required to bring an answer, as he is away up in the Canadian woods."

Then I groaned, too.

"Oh!" I said, "and it's my fault."

Then I thought and thought hard. I just thought till my brain whirled. At twelve I sprang up and yelled.

"I have it!"

I pulled Jack out of bed.

"I am going down to the station this minute. Come along."

As we went through the sleeping village, I unfolded my plan to Jack.

"You know that Conductor Welton is always on the seven-fifty. The Dean and everybody knows him. Don't you know him?"



"I should say I do. He has lived next door to us ever since I can remember. Now, I remember speaking to him Monday."

"We will telegraph him, asking if you were with Professor Henry on that night."

"How stupid of me never to have thought of that before."

After sending our telegram we went back to bed.

Six a. m., no reply. Twelve o'clock, no answer. Would it never come? The whole school was wild with excitement as the Dean had said that, if we got a satisfactory answer from Conductor Welton, Jack might play. The game was to start at two-thirty. The Concord boys had arrived. Unless the telegram came soon, we would probably lose the game on which all our hopes for the championship rested.

About half-past two, as I stood waiting for the telegram, which I kept hoping would come, the agent put his head out of the wicket and told me that the wires were down between Broadwood and Elmwood, which was ten miles away. Then for the first time I lost all hope. As I went along the street toward the college, I noticed a big touring car with no one in it, but a boy was approaching at a fast rate. By gesticulating wildly, I managed to stop him.

"If you can take me to Elmwood and back in thirty minutes, I'll make it worth your while," I said.

"Come on!" was all he said.

Speeding down the road, the trees, houses and farms flew by us at a terrific rate. Fifteen minutes later I ran into the station at Elmwood and asked the startled agent if there was a message there for Jack McCoy of Broadwood.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. Seizing the envelope, I tore it open with trembling hands. It read: -

"Jack McCoy was at the station at Broadwood when the seventy-five arrived, on Monday, May 10."

With a whoop of joy, I rushed out and springing in, told the boy to make the car go for its life. The big automobile responded to every forward push of the lever, until it seemed as though we were flying on the back of a big bird.

It was the fourth inning when I arrived. Broadwood was playing hard, but it was a poor team without Jack. Concord was ahead,



with a score of three to one. Jack was standing on the coaching line hoping against hope that the answer would come in time.

I ran up to the Dean, who was in the grandstand, and showed him the message.

"All right," he said.

When Jack walked up to the plate, the grandstand shook with cheers. The ball came, but it didn't reach the catcher's glove; when it did, Jack was safe at third. Before the inning was over, the Broadwood team was in its usual place, ahead, where it stayed for the rest of the game.

PAUL SCOTT, '13.

Das Fest der Schornsteinfeger

DER alte Grossvater sass im Kreise seiner Grosskinder. Alle sahen ihn erwartungsvoll an und das Kleinste, das ihm auf dem Schoosse sass, lachte ihm ermunternd zu. Was wollten sie denn eigentlich? Eine Geschichte natürlich. Man musz alles nützlich machen, das einem zukommt, auch den Grossvater.

"Ja, Kinder," begann der alte Herr, nachdem er sich ein wenig besonnen hatte, "habt ihr denn schon vom Fest der Schornsteinfeger, das jeden Mai zu Frankfurt am Main gefeiert wird, gehört?" Er sah sich um, doch keiner meldete sich.

"Erzähle uns doch die Geschichte," sagte das ungeduldige Kleine.

"Ja, Grossvater, wir sind sehr neugierig," riefen die anderen.

"Nur hubsch aufgepasst, und ich werde euch erzählen. Es ist die Sitte, wie ihr vielleicht wisst, dass zweimal im Jahre die Schornsteinfeger mit ihrem Werkzeug über den Schultern geschlungen von einem Haus zu dem andern gehen, um die Schornsteine zu reinigen. Zwar, obgleich dies sehr praktisch ist, muss man doch gestehen, dass es nicht reine Arbeit sei.

"Nun geschah es, dass vor etlichen Jahren ein Jüngling durch die Strassen zur Arbeit ging. Ihr könnt euch nicht denken, Kinder, wie erschrocken die Frau des Hauses, die im Zimmer mit einer Freundin sass, war, als ein Schornsteinfeger herunter in das Kamin fiel. Sie liess den Artz sogleich holen und tat selbst, was sie konnte, für den ohnmächtigen Burschen. Die Freundin, indem sie den



Schmutz des Schornsteins abwusch, fand ein kleines goldenes Herz um seinen Hals gebunden. Sie wurde sehr blass und rief: "Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, mein verlorener Sohn!" Dieser öffnete die Augen und Mutter und Sohn hatten sich wieder gefunden.

"Indessen war ich eingetreten, denn ich war der gerufene Arzt. Glücklicherweise war der Jüngling nicht schlimm verletzt. Ich hörte nun etwas von der Geschichte des Schornsteinfegers.

"Als vierjähriger Knabe hatten ihn die Zigeuner aus dem Park fortgenommen, da sein Kindermädchen ihn für eine kurze Zeit aus ihren Augen gelassen hatte. Alle Versuche, welche die unglücklichen Eltern damals gemacht hatten, um ihren Sohn zu finden, waren umsonst. Durch alle diese Jahre hatten sie es nicht vergessen können und gedachten immer ihres Kleinen.

"Da habe ich Freudentränen gesehen. Das vergesse ich nie," sagte der Grossvater. "Und auch die Mutter wünschte den Tag in Erinnerung zu erhalten; darum gab sie der Stadt Frankfurt ein Kapital, von dessen Zinsen die Schornsteinfeger alljährlich diesen Tag im Mai feiern."

"Grossvater," sagte der Alteste, "nun weiss ich was ich werden will, wenn ich gross bin,—ein Frankfurter Schornsteinfeger!"

ELIZABETH DORMAN.

Portia on Demerits

Demerits are unlimited in number;
They fall upon our unsuspecting heads
As inadvertantly as doth a monthly test;
More blessed far are they to give than to
Receive. They're mightiest in the principal,
And more become the civics Prof. than does
His ancient smile. E'en flogging once
Did show pedantic power, but now
Demerits have usurped its awful sway;
They're more humane than painless dentistry;
They are an attribute of wise B. C. himself.

WANE CRAIG, Impersonator

Third Prize

WANE CRAIG, twenty-seven years of age, was the son of the late Joshua Craig, the wealthy steel magnate of New York.

One Saturday morning in late September, at 9:30 o'clock, he was riding down Fifth Avenue to work. The sound of the fire-bell caused him to lean out the window of his cab when to his surprise he heard a feminine voice calling to him. Looking in the direction from which it came, he beheld a young girl about twenty, leaning out of the tonneau of a large Winton car.



"Now what looks inviting on this menu?"

"Oh! ah— what is it?" he managed to stutter.

"I was saying that if you didn't mind, Bob, I'll meet you at the club tonight, as I shall have to be down town all day. Will that be all right for you?"

Not at all sure that he grasped the meaning of it all, and afraid to let such a chance of having some excitement pass he answered:

"Why, yes, that suits me all right."

"All right then. Good bye."

Left in a daze and not quite understanding what he had done or why he had done it, Craig finally reached the office. After slapping his hat on the already well filled hat rack, he went to his desk to resume another day's duties. But try as hard as he could to work, he couldn't help thinking of the responsibility he had taken upon himself in attempting to take the part of his unknown friend, Bob — surely not Bob Bissel, that good looking cousin of his. No, it could not be, for surely the resemblance was not so striking as to occasion



such a mistake. Well, anyway, it was Bob somebody. At last at five o'clock he went to his rooms to prepare for a trying experience that evening.

"Surely," he thought, "she won't discover her mistake now, when she thought me Bob in the broad daylight. Oh, well, after all it's worth while—maybe."

Half-past seven found him at the New York Club. Going to the parlors he looked for the face he had seen that morning in the "auto." Rising, she came to him, saying:

"I thot you never would get here. What happened? Don't you remember you said we were going to have an early dinner and go to the play?"

"Well, I'll tell you. One of my friends from Denver who is spending the week here came to see me, and, as his call was very short, I couldn't very well hurry it any more. And the reason I didn't let you know about it was that I didn't know where I'd find you then, as it was before six o'clock."

"Now what looks inviting on this menu?" said he, trying to guide the subject into smoother channels.

"Oh, I've spied one. It's soft shelled crabs."

It did look as though she was ignorant of the play yet.

After the order had been given, she began looking around her. After nodding to several acquaintances, she finally turned her attention to poor Wane, who felt as though a judge were pronouncing a terrible verdict. She asked, not without a queer expression:

"Where is your coral stickpin? I haven't seen you wearing it here lately."

"Oh, that—why, I lost it not long ago."

"And haven't you ever found it?" was the guileless reply.

Here he was puzzled, for how did he know how to answer. He had no way of knowing whether Bob had lost it or not, or if he had done so, whether he had found it again. Taking chances he replied:

"No, I hunted in the house and even advertised for it, but I have never seen anything of it."

As he watched her closely, he thought he saw a look of doubt pass over her face.

"Call for Miss Chambers! Call for Miss Helene Chambers!" rang through the dining room.



A bell boy was seen coming up the aisle. The woman with Wane went up to him, and, finally excusing herself to Craig, left the dining room.

"So her name was Chambers," mused Craig. "'Helene,' I think that boy said. Well, it sounds good all right, but I'll tell you the phone call doesn't. I suppose that's Bob now wanting to know what became of his Helene. Oh, well, if she comes back here, I'll explain. I guess that's the best way now. And if she doesn't, why I'll just write her a note of apology."

He left the table only to find her down in the lobby ordering her car to be brought around to the door. After a long argument and explanation, Helene permitted Wane to accompany her home. During this time she informed him that she knew she had made a mistake when he told her about not finding the coral pin. For Bob Bissel had lost his pin, but he found it again. And it was also at this time that he found out that Helene Chambers was the girl Scott Courtney, one of his friends at the office, was talking about so much.

There were visits made that week to the Chambers' mansion, and one morning as the month was nearing an end, Wane came into the office exceedingly happy, an unusual state of mind for him. As he had not told Scott that he had been mistaken for Bob Bissel, he decided to confide it to him.

"Well," after Wane had finished telling of Bob's telephone message, "too bad he broke it up."

"No, Scott, my boy," said Wane, trying to explain matters, "you see I called on her last night and met her father."

LILLIAN GADDIS, '12.





A ROSE AND A MAIDEN

A rose of jaunty, royal air
Was fastened in a maiden's hair;
Each trembling lock put forth its best
The rose to favor o'er the rest.

The maiden smiled a winsome smile;
Forgetful of itself the while,
The rose responded, lightly blushed,
And quick the maddened locks were hushed.

A sprightly zephyr came the way;
The rose in wanton, merry play
Its dashing bloom in frolic swayed,
The maiden laughed, the zephyr played.

A roguish cloud passed overhead;
And quick the rose's blush was fled,
The maiden checked her laughing glee,
The cloud sped off in ecstasy.





The Alumni Association

Officers

Miss BERTHA FERGUSON, President
Mr. GEORGE DAVIS, Vice-President
Mrs. JACOB WEAD, Secretary
Mr. WILLIAM BOALS, Treasurer
Miss EUSEBIA MARTIN, Historian

Committees

Executive—Mr. R. A. Haight, *ex-officio*; Mr. B. C. Richardson, *ex-officio*; Mrs. Carl Wuerker, Mrs. T. A. Taylor, Mr. Chas. Yager.

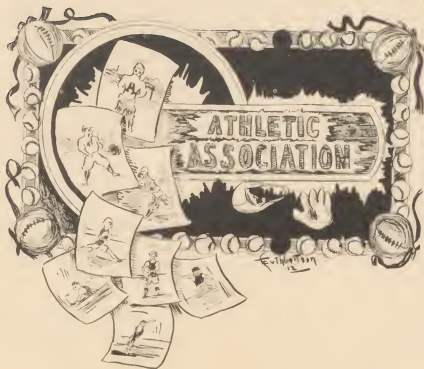
Social—Mrs. H. M. Schweppe, Miss Maude Gillham, Miss Edith Betts, Miss Sara Hudson, Miss Viola Erbeck.

Advisory—Mr. L. J. Hartmann, Mr. George Ryrice, Mr. Robert Forbes, Mrs. William Cartwright, Mrs. J. R. Logan.

Athletic—Dr. Mather Pfeiffenberger, Roy Beall, Edwin Sparks, Gershom Gillham, Paul Cousley.

Membership—Mr. William Boals, Mr. Walter Juttenmeyer, Mrs. Harvey Rumsey, Miss Sadie Platt, Mrs. George Sauvage.

Library—Miss Florence Dolbee, Miss Harriet Dolbee, Miss Lucretia Crane, Mrs. J. E. Whitney, Miss Florence Whipple.



The purpose of the Athletic Association is to foster among the students a general interest in High School athletics, and to support the various branches of High School sports. It is a member of the Illinois State Athletic Association, and is governed by its rules.

First Semester

PERCY BEALL

PAUL ZERWEKH

FRANK STOWELL

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Second Semester

JOSEPH RAMP

REX GARY

PERCY BEALL

Board of Control First Semester

JOSEPH DEGENHARDT

JAMES COLEMAN

JOSEPH RAMP

MR. BIRD

MR. MOORE

Board of Control Second Semester

PAUL ROTHACHER

ELDEN BETTS

PAUL ZERWEKH

MR. BIRD

MR. MOORE

Managers

Student

Faculty

Football --- PAUL ROTHACHER

MR. BIRD

Basketball --- PERCY BEALL

MR. BIRD

Baseball ---

MR. BIRD



Just Before the Finals

Just before the finals, teacher,
I am thinking most of you,
Whether questions will be hard,
Whether them I cannot do.

Schoolmates game are 'round me flunking,
Filled with thoughts of their dear class,
Well they know that on the morrow
They will find they did not pass.

Farewell, teacher, you may never
Have me in your class again,
When I write that final paper,
I will be as good as slain.

Hark! I hear the signal ringing,
'Tis the signal for the test!
Now may you protect us, teacher,
Give us marks—the very best.

Hear the common cry of mis'ry,
How it swells upon the air!
Yes, we'll try hard at our questions,
Or we'll flunk right nobly there.





JOSEPH DEGENHARDT
ELLIOTT F. TAYLOR

HAZEL EATON

PAUL ZERWEKH
LOUISE GREGORY



Illini Literary Society

Officers

First Semester

JOSEPH DEGENHARDT, President
ELLIOTT F. TAYLOR, Vice-President
HAZEL EATON, Secretary and Treasurer

Sergeants-at-Arms

ELDEN BETTS HERMON COLE
PAUL ZERWEKH

Program Committee

RUTH MCHOLLAND PAUL JACOBY
MARTHA STANLY

Second Semester

PAUL ZERWEKH, President
HAZEL EATON, Vice-President
LOUISE GREGORY, Secretary and Treasurer

Sergeants-at-Arms

PERCY BEALL FREDERIC NORTON
ROBERT WHETZEL

Program Committee

MABEL NEFF WILBUR ELLISON
ELIZABETH DORMAN



Members

Hildegard Ash	Ruth Dorsey
Emma Ballenger	Hazel Eaton
Tula Baker	William Eberhardt
Percy Beall	Wilbur Ellison
Harry Beck	Lulu Feldwisch
Stanley Beck	Clara Fiedler
Elden Betts	Grace Fiedler
Hattie Bilderbeck	Marie Floss
Grace Bissland	Madeline Gervig
Lovie Blanton	Ruth Glassbrenner
Helen Boals	Howard Glen
Myrtle Boals	Alice Green
Karl Bockstruck	Eula Green
Adelaide Boyle	Louise Gregory
Charles Brawn	Leo Grosh
Calanthe Brueggeman	Lula Halsey
John Carstens	Harold Harford
Lenora Cartwright	Carl Hartmann
Vivienne Carter	Helene Heagler
Hermon Cole	Ada Henderson
Gordon Cousley	Pearl Hobson
Lloyd Cox	Helen Holl
Mabel Coyle	Florence Hurley
Rhea Curdie	Paul Jacoby
Madeline Day	Angelica Kauffman
Joe Degenhardt	Joseph Kohler
Florence Dick	Edith Lagemann
Helen Didlake	Eunice Lavenue
Coena Donnelly	Eva Lavenue
Elizabeth Dorman	Katherine Lee



Members

Walter Levis	Frances Robertson
Edith Lowe	Paul Rothacher
Max Masel	Reba Russel
Gertrude Maul	Mary Ryrie
Julius Meisenheimer	Herbert Schaefer
Katherine Meriwether	Hilda Stafford
Yolande Moussard	Martha Stanly
Jennie McKee	William Stritmatter
Bessie McKee	Elliott S. Taylor
Ruth McHolland	Elliott F. Taylor
Mabel Neff	Marjorie Taylor
Frieda Netzhammer	Lucian Taylor
Frederic Norton	Carl Volz
William Pace	Ethel Waltrip
Courtney Perrin	Josephine Waldrip
Blanche Peters	Stella Weber
Cora Pile	Florence Weindel
George Powell	Robert Whetzel
Agnes Powell	Ethel Wilson
Joseph Ramp	Cora Wuerker
Adeline Reis	Matilda Yager
Amelia Ringemann	Paul Zerwekh



FRANK STOWELL
JAMES COLEMAN
ESTELLE MAGEE

EMILY HOEFERT
AUGUST LUER
JOSEPH McMULLEN



Pushmataha Literary Society

Officers

First Semester

JAMES COLEMAN, President

FRANK STOWELL, Vice-President

ESTELLE MAGEE, Secretary and Treasurer

Ushers

SIDNEY GASKINS

WINFREY GREGORY

JOSEPH McMULLEN

Program Committee

JOHN RYRIE

LILLIAN GADDIS

HILDA STEINER

TAYLOR HYATT

Second Semester

AUGUST LUER, President

EMILY HOFERT, Vice-President

JOSEPH McMULLEN, Secretary and Treasurer

Ushers

HARRY MATHEWS

TAYLOR HYATT

ROBERT SMITH

Program Committee

JOSEPH WRIGHT

ROBERT SMITH

ELIZABETH CALDWELL

FRANCES HURLBUTT



Members

Lelia Bauer	Ethel Greeling
Dora Bennes	Vera Greeling
Elmer Bierbaum	Winfrey Gregory
Frederick Bowman	Flora Glen
Edith Bradish	Lillian Gaddis
Robert Bradshaw	Sidney Gaskins
Alfred Bratfisch	Bessie Hamilton
Flora Broglie	Lyle Harford
Edith Browne	Florence Harris
Dorothy Browne	Frances Harris
Marguerite Buck	Margaret Harris
Kathryn Burns	Malcolm Harris
Walter Burns	Thomas Haycraft
Bert Busse	William Hearne
Elizabeth Caldwell	Ada Hemken
Henry Carstens	Bert Henney
Sidway Clement	Clansy Heppner
James Coleman	Phoebe Herbert
Earle Cuthbertson	Emily Hoefert
Dell Dahlstrom	Frances Hurlbutt
Senia Fiedler	Taylor Hyatt
Marie Fitzgerald	Verneda Jacoby
May Foreman	Elizabeth Johnstone
Alice Freeman	Winifred Johnson
Rex Gary	Walter Jungeblut
Johannah Gerbig	George Juttemeyer
Ila Getsinger	Eva Kelley
Harry Getsinger	Gertrude Kelsey
Louise Gillham	Freda Koch
Warren Gratian	John Lemp



Members

Grace Little	John Shine
August Luer	Edna Smith
Estelle Magee	George Smith
Mary March	Groves Smith
Harry Mathews	Robert Smith
Joseph McMullen	Hilda Steiner
Viola Miller	Russel Stewart
Pearl Millison	Frank Stowell
Ruth Moran	Hilda Straube
Frank Morfoot	Adele Strubel
Bessie Morris	Julia Thorn
Electa Musick	Edith Tonsor
Mae Nickels	Vernon Wade
Upha Peters	Louis Walter
Leonard Pratz	George Walker
Clara Randolph	Annabel Wayman
Ernest Rennebaum	Josephine Webb
Dell Riley	Eugene Webb
Ruby Rosebery	Lillian Weber
Ruby Russell	Oscar Weber
Mildred Rutledge	Eunice Whitney
John Ryrie	Mary Wilson
Gladys Schneider	Irving Winter
Mildred Scott	Joseph Wright
Louise Sevier	Rosalie Zaugg
Marcella Sherwood	



Der Deutsche Verein



Ertes Semester

CARL HARTMANN
FRANCES HARRIS
GROVES SMITH
ALFRED BRATFISCH

Präsident
Vize-Präsident
Sekretär
Schatzmeister

Zweites Semester

CARL HARTMANN
AUGUST LUER
VERNEDA JACOBY
DOROTHY BROWNE

Programm Committee

GERTRUDE KELSEY EDITH BROWNE
MAY FOREMAN

Mitglieder

Percy Beall
Myrtle Boals
Helen Boals
Karl Bockstruck
Edith Bradish
Alfred Bratfisch
Flora Broglie
Dorothy Browne
Edith Browne
Lucy Degenhardt
May Foreman
Rex Gary
Frances Harris
Florence Harris
Margaret Harris
Carl Hartmann
Clansy Heppner
Emily Hoefert
Helen Holl
Paul Jacoby
Verneda Jacoby

George Juttemeyer
Elizabeth Johnstone
Gertrude Kelsey
August Luer
Lillian Marsh
Johanna Masel
Gertrude Maul
Viola Miller
Mabel Neff
Leland Osborn
Flora Riley
Mildred Rutledge
John Ryrie
Groves Smith
Elliott F. Taylor
Julia Thorn
Josephine Webb
Lillian Weber
Fay Yaeger
Carl Volz



Sodalitas Latina



Marfan

Officers

FREDERIC NORTON, President
GERTRUDE KELSEY, Vice-President
LOUISE GREGORY, Secretary
IRVING WINTER, Treasurer

Program Committee

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN LUCIAN TAYLOR
ELIZABETH CALDWELL

Members

Lelia Bauer	Frank Morfoot
Dorothy Browne	Frederic Norton
Edith Browne	Wm. Pace
Kathryn Burns	Clara Randolph
Elizabeth Caldwell	Ernest Rennebaum
Dell Dahlstrom	Reba Russell
Ruth Dorsey	Ruby Russell
Ida Getsinger	Mary Ryrie
Flora Glen	Groves Smith
Louise Gregory	Hilda Stafford
Frances Harris	Martha Stanly
Carl Hartmann	Russell Stewart
Thomas Haycraft	William Stritmatter
Ada Henderson	Lucian Taylor
Frances Hurlbutt	Julia Thorn
Angelica Kauffman	George Walker
Gertrude Kelsey	Josephine Webb
John Lemp	Florence Weindel
Estelle Magee	Irving Winter
Ruth Moran	Matilda Yager



SODALITAS LATINA

THE Sodalitas Latina, though lately organized, is progressing rapidly and has aroused a great deal of honest interest. The programs have included the study of the lives and works of the great Latin writers arranged chronologically. The first studied was Plautus, and at this program the members gave the play, "The Three Pieces of Money," which is a typical illustration of how Latin dramas were arranged during his time. At the second, in fact the most interesting program which we have had, the members gave a part of "The Midsummer Night's Dream." As this was the Ovid program, there was given Ovid's version of "Pyramus and Thisbe," the English version in Shakespeare's play, and the American version by Saxe. We have studied chronologically Caesar, Livy, Cicero, Virgil and Horace.

We have gained in our society both practical knowledge and amusement. During the conversational period we either translate mottoes, or guess the names of books arranged in Latin, while in one game we are tested on Latin verbs. For all these contests, sides are usually chosen, and one side works hard to excel the other. Each person has chosen a Latin name, and, when this name is called, he must answer "ad sum." This affords a great deal of amusement, for some members forget their names, and others often answer "present" or "here."

The society has selected a pin, of which I am very sure every member is proud.

A. K., '10.



Alton Arts and Artisans' Association

Officers

KARL SCHERER, President

EDITH TONSOR, Vice-President

EARL LINKOGLE, Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Earle Cuthbertson
Cocina Donnelly
Louise Gillham
Ethel Greeling
Lula Halsey
Eunice Lavenue
Earle Linkogle
Max Masel

Robert May
Adeline Reis
Karl Scherer
Mildred Scott
Edith Tonsor
Stella Weber
Robert Whetzel
Edward Winkler



Alton Arts and Artisans' Association

	TONSOR	MASEL	SCOTT	LINKOGLE	
DONNELLY		GILLHAM	HUDSON		CUTHBERTSON
	HALSEY		REIS	GREELING	

The Alton Arts and Artisans' Association is an organization, the purpose of which is to create an interest in decorative and useful art among the students of Alton High School and citizens of Alton generally. Only those students who have received honorable mention in a state art exhibit of the public schools are eligible for membership. Exhibits are held weekly in the drawing room, and objects of intrinsic or historical value are open to the inspection of the public. Although the Association is still in its infancy, it has supplied a long-standing need of an art society, and it promises in time to become an influence both in the school and in the city.



Handwritten signature and date: R. J. 1780

DRAMATICS



Scenes from "Mr. Bob"



MR. BOB

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS BY RACHEL E. BAKER

*Presented by the Senior Class of the Alton High School
for the benefit of the Piasa Quill*

At SPALDING AUDITORIUM

Friday Evening, Jan. 14, 1910

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Philip Royson	Joseph A. Degenhardt
Robert Brown, clerk of Benson & Benson	Joseph F. Wright
Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler	Elden Betts
Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady with a fondness for stray cats	Ruth McHolland
Katherine Rogers, her niece, and Philip's cousin	Estelle Magee
Marian Bryant, Katherine's friend	Angelica Kauffman
Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid	Josephine Waldrip

GUESTS—Bessie Hamilton, Elizabeth Johnstone, Hilda
Steiner, Florence Weindel, Cora Wuerker.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I—Miss Luke's cats cause great consternation. "Bob" arrives. Philip makes a mistake. Mr. Brown arrives. More misunderstandings.

ACT II—Philip gives up the race. Miss Luke gives up the cats. "Mr. Bob" wins the race.

DRILL and SONG—Myrtle Poals, Rhea Curdie, Bessie Hamilton, Emily Hoefert, Helen Holl, Elizabeth Johnstone, Hilda Steiner, Florence Weindel.

Alfred Bratfisch, Elden Betts, Joseph A. Degenhardt, Rex Gary, William Pace, Paul Rothacher, Elliott F. Taylor, Joseph Wright.

Music by the High School Orchestra.



“MR. BOB”

For the second time the Seniors have presented a successful play. On January 14, the class of 1910 gave at Spalding Auditorium the entertaining comedy, “Mr. Bob,” before a large audience, who pronounced it worthy of professional ambition. Practiced through last year’s appearance, the actors displayed an easy unconsciousness of the many eyes gazing at them. This lack of stage fright, together with the performers’ natural talent, tended to make the Senior play a marked success. Since the cast was smaller this year than last, there was greater opportunity for individual starring. Joseph Degenhardt, as Philip, well displayed his suavity in a regular “stage voice.” Joseph Wright furnished the fun; it was he who caused the laugh provoking plot as Brown the lawyer, “who had just come down.” The proud, dignified butler, Jenkins, in Elden Betts, and the dancing dramatic-artist, Nancy, in Josephine Waldrip, gave the house many a laugh. Ruth McHolland, as the old aunt, filled her role admirably. Estelle Magee, as her niece, acted her part with skill and grace; and Angelica Kauffman in the surprising role of “Mr. Bob,” winner of the race, pleased the entire audience. A boat song and drill, which proved an attractive feature, supplemented the play. Not only from an artistic standpoint, but financially, was “Mr. Bob” successful. Under Miss Naylor’s business management, last year’s debt of the *Piasa Quill* was obliterated, with a neat sum remaining. And finally, greatest credit is due Miss Bixler, without whose assistance and painstaking, skillful coaching such delightful class plays could not be presented.



ANNE OF OLD SALEM

You know what we are going to say before you read this! "Of course." But it is our chance to talk. Besides, you will like to live again the night of the play, that long talked of, that long looked for, play. You, Seniors, who have passed through the ordeal, well know how we felt, up there behind the Temple curtain, on that night of April 22, while we were being painted, powdered and finally instructed. You know that peep hole in the curtain? That's where we stood, announcing to the rest of the company the arrival of you and your girl.

But the play? Yes, I'm coming! By the way, did you hear the beating of our hearts as the curtain went up to behold the house packed, and did you think that Bert in the orchestra had forgotten to stop playing? But we were not scared. It was just the excitement, you know. We had the assurance of Miss Bixler and Miss Wempen that everything would be all right. All right? I guess it was! Wasn't Earle just the man for the part? Ezekiel! I'll never hear that name again without thinking of "Cuddy." And Julia and Flora made the best Piety and Truth! And Carl as the excitable Captain! and Martha as the Quaker!! (Excuse all these "!'s, but they are the only things that express it.) Wasn't Edith T. great as Phyllis? No wonder P. Z.—I mean Nathan—had such a hard time choosing between them. Gertrude and Edith L. fairly outdid themselves as Good-wife Ellenwell and Mistress Hardman. Who would ever have thought that Walter would make a preacher? Yet he convinced you that he could, long before Cotton Mather made his final exit. You didn't suppose so "Peace"—able a girl as May would create such a commotion. And then to have her accused of being a witch just because she captured Ezekiel! I left Roger and Anne until the last. That's the proper place to speak of the leading man and lady.

But you all know that Hermon made the best Roger ever. And Lillian! Didn't you almost shed tears when you thought Anne was



going to be hanged? If Anne wasn't a witch, she was certainly be-witching.

Goodness! Don't let me forget the drill! Why, that was the best of all! Tula, Ethel, Ruth, Julia, Verneda, Hazel, Dorothy, Flora, Grace, Matilda, Marcella, Mary, Elizabeth, Rosalie, Louise, Mildred, and Helen and Marjory as "subs." For faithful workers, take the Juniors every time!

It's all over now—all the hard work and the fun and the suspense and the late hours—and early ones, too—and the congratulations, too, are over. Only occasionally we get off into a corner and congratulate ourselves that it was the best play ever and that we made the most money (\$215.) Think of it, clear of expenses. And all we can say is that we are grateful to Miss Bixler and Miss Wempen and to all those who took part. "Lower classmen, it's lots of work, but it's worth it."





May Pole Drill

Julia Thorn
 Rosalie Zaugg Flora Glen
 Elizabeth Caldwell Ethel Greeling Mary Ryrle
 Grace Bissland Matilda Yager Helen Didlake Mildred Rutledge Ruth Dorsey
 Verneda Jacoby Marcella Sherwood Louise Gregory Dorothy Browne Tula Baker



Scenes from "Anne of Old Salem"



ANNE OF OLD SALEM

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

*Presented by the Junior Class of the Alton High School
for the benefit of "The Tatler"*

Temple Theatre, Friday, 8:00 p.m., April 22, 1910

CHARACTERS

ROGER HARDMAN.....	Hermon Cole
CAPTAIN HARDMAN.....	Carl Volz
NATHAN ELLINWELL.....	Paul Zerwekh
EZEKIEL BROWN.....	Earle Cuthbertson
COTTON MATHER.....	Walter Levis
ANNE ELLINWELL.....	Lillian Gaddis
GOODWIFE ELLINWELL.....	Gertrude Kelsey
MISTRESS HARDMAN.....	Edith Lowe
PHYLLIS.....	Edith Tonsor
RUTH.....	Martha Stanly
PIETY.....	Julia Thorn
TRUTH.....	Flora Glen
PEACE ATKINS.....	May Foreman

May Pole Drill

and Solo, "A May Morning," by Blanche Schlosser.

Between First and Second Acts

ACT I. Scene—A room in the home of Goodwife Ellinwell

Anne Ellinwell, a village maiden, is suspected of witchcraft. This suspicion is advanced by Mistress Hardman for the purpose of destroying the affection between her son Roger and Anne. It is further confirmed by charms which Anne gives to the village girls, and by the finding of a Quaker in the Ellinwell home. Later the Quaker is smuggled into the Hardman home by a friend, and kept there in secrecy.

ACT II. Scene—Sitting Room of Captain Hardman's residence

Cotton Mather, brought to warn Anne, accuses her of witchcraft and orders that she be tried as a witch. Mistress Hardman regrets having carried the matter so far and confesses her guilt to Roger.

ACT III. Scene—Same as Act II

Search is made for a missing paper that will restore a lost estate to the Ellinwells. Roger is put to a great test. Peace Atkins goes to obtain a pardon for the Quaker. Later the pardon is obtained, the lost papers are found, and Anne is placed above suspicion.

MAY POLE DRILL

Tula Baker, Grace Bissland, Dorothy Browne, Elizabeth Caldwell, Ruth Dorsey, Hazel Eaton, Flora Glen, Ethel Greeling, Louise Gregory, Verneda Jacoby, Mildred Rutledge, Mary Ryrle, Marcella Sherwood, Julia Thorn, Matilda Yager, Rosalie Zaugg.



PRINCE TORRYTUM WILLIAM SIR BERTRAM DELACEY
 LADY ARAMINTA POLLY LADY ARABELLA MOLLY SYLVIA

SYLVIA

Maud Etizabeth Inch

W. Rhys-Herbert

An Operetta in Two Acts

Presented by the Musical Department of the Alton High School
at the Temple Theatre, Saturday, May fourteenth,
nineteen hundred and ten

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Bertram DeLacey, tenor, the court poet,.....	Philip Gervig
Prince Tobbytum, baritone, a man of consequence....	Elden S. Betts
William, baritone, an honest farmer.....	Elliott F. Taylor
Robin, a country lad.....	Bert Henney
Sylvia, soprano, betrothed to DeLacey.....	Emily Hoefert
Betty, alto, betrothed to William.....	Alice Morris
Arabella, mezzo-soprano, a lady in waiting at court....	Edith Tonsor
Araminta, mezzo-soprano, her sister.....	Myrtle Boals
Polly, } farmers' daughters, friends of Betty.....	Helen Holl
Molly, }	Eunice Whitney
Dolly, }	Frances Hurlbutt

CHORUS OF FARM LADS AND LASSIES

Tula Baker	Pearl Millison	Harry Beck
Lelia Bauer	Ruth Moran	Earle Cuthbertson
Hattie Bilderbeck	Mary March	James Coleman
Helen Boals	Electa Musick	Joe Degenhardt
Kathryn Burns	Mae Nickels	Rex Gary
Isabelle Brooks	Amelia Ringemann	Sydney Gaskins
Rhea Curdie	Frances Robertson	Bert Henney
Mary Caldwell	Mary Adams Ryrie	Houston Hope
Ruth Dorsey	Hilda Stafford	Taylor Hyatt
Hazel Eaton	Martha Stanly	Geo. Jutemeyer
Alice Freeman	Hilda Steiner	Walter Levis
Blanche Gilbert	Theodosia Taylor	Frederic Norton
Ada Hemken	Josephine Waldrip	William Pace
Phoebe Herbert	Annabel Wayman	Joe Ramp
Helen Holl	Estella Weber	Groves Smith
Frances Hurlbutt	Mary Wilson	Robert Smith
Angelica Kauffman	Eunice Whitney	Lucian Taylor
Gertrude Kelsey	Josephine Webb	Carl Volz
Estelle Magee	Matilda Yager	Fred Weld
Ruth McHolland	Rosalie Zaugg	Joseph Wright



SYNOPSIS OF "SYLVIA"

ACT I. Period, 18th Century; Time, morning; Scene, a hayfield.

Sylvia, grown weary of the court, wishes to change places with Betty for a day. They find a magic flower, "Cupid's Eye," of which Betty knows, and agree to change sweethearts. Betty's companions return from the field in search of her, and there meet Prince Tobbytum, whom they mistake for a clerk of the weather. Sylvia and Betty then return disguised and successfully fool their sweethearts. Robin sounds the dinner horn.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

- "Work with a Vim" ----- Chorus of farmers' daughters and lads
"If I Were Not I" ----- Sylvia
"Oh, Have You Seen My Love" ----- Chorus of farmers' daughters
"Mistress Daisy" ----- Betty and chorus of farmers' daughters
"Though Love be Blind" ----- Betty
"The Farmer is an Honest Lad" ----- Chorus of farm lads
"Oh, will You Meet Us
at the Stile" ----- Chorus of farmer's daughters and lads
"I am a Man of Consequence" ----- Prince and farmers' daughters
"Bread and Cheese and Watercress" ----- Chorus of farmers' daughters
"Forever, Love, Forever" ----- Sir Bertram DeLacey
"Italian Boat Song" ----- William
"Come out into the Sunshine" ----- Chorus of farmers' daughters and lads

ACT II. Later same day.

Haymakers rest from their toil and the girls stroll about waiting to go to the stile. Sylvia and Betty meet and relate their unfortunate experiences. Ladies Arabella and Araminta, having spied upon Sylvia, report the matter to the Prince, who plans to expose Sylvia before the assembled court.

William with the farmers' lads and lassies seeks Betty, after which DeLacey and William meet and almost come to blows. *Finale.*

MUSICAL NUMBERS

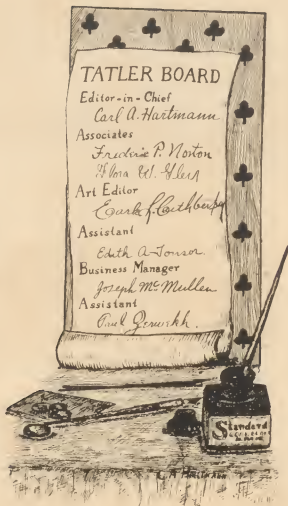
- "Come Sing and be Merry" ----- Chorus of farmers' daughters and lads
"'Tis the Time of the Day for Strolling" ----- Chorus of farmers' daughters
"Once a Little Blue Bell" ----- Polly and chorus of farmers' daughters
"If You Know of a Heart" ----- Sylvia and Betty
"A Peculiar Frame of Mind" ----- Arabella, Araminta and Prince
"Betty, Betty" ----- William and Chorus
"Serenade" ----- William
"Thine" ----- Sir Bertram DeLacey
"Love's Paradise" ----- William
"O Silent Stars" ----- Sylvia, Betty, DeLacey and William
"My Sailor Lad" ----- Sylvia
"The Harvest Moon" ----- Ensemble





THE TATLER BOARD

EDITH TONSOR	FLORA GLEN
CARL HARTMANN	JOSEPH McMULLEN
FREDERIC NORTON	EARLE CUTHBERTSON
	PAUL ZERWEKH





PIASSA QUILL STAFF

JOSEPH DEGENHARDT
EDITH BROWNE
HERMON COLE
JOSEPH WRIGHT

MISS FERGUSON
ELDEN BETTS
REX GARY

JAMES COLEMAN
GERTRUDE KELSEY
BERT HENNEY
JOSEPH RAMP



The Piassa Quill.

Eight issues, published monthly by the students during the school year, in the interests of the Alton High School, Alton, Ill.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief	ELDEN S. BETTS, '10
Literary	GERTRUDE KELSEY, '11
News	JOS. F. WRIGHT, '10
Athletic	REX GARY, '11
Language	EDITH BROWN, '10
Alumni	MISS BERTHA FERGUSON

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

Business Managers	JAS. W. COLEMAN, '10
	JOS. A. DEGENHARDT, '10
First Assistant	HERMON COLE, '11
Second Assistant	BERT HENNEY, '12
Third Assistant	JOE RAMP, '13

Entered as second-class matter, February 24th, 1908, at Alton, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price, 50 Cents the Semester.

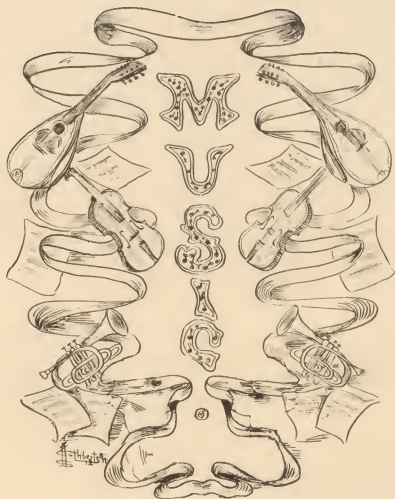
EDITORIAL



SIFTINGS

LAST YEAR an article appeared in the *Quill* entitled, "What is High School Spirit?" At the present time A. H. S. is giving the astounded and *no doubt* highly pleased citizens of Alton a fairly good representation of that elusive but omnipotent article. It is elusive because no one ever saw school spirit, for only the manifestations of it are visible. Nevertheless, omnipotent it is beyond a doubt.

What made a victory out of the Springfield game? Fully two-thirds of the team have said at one time or another to the editor that the early morning send-off won the game.





Glee Club

Members

Harry Beck	James Morgan
Elden Betts	Neild Osburn
Elmer Bierbaum	Courtney Perrin
Byron Bivens	Oliver Pratz
Frederick Bowman	Paul Rothacher
Robert Bradshaw	Dwight Shaff
Walter Burns	John Shine
Bert Busse	Groves Smith
Henry Carstens	Robert Smith
Earle Cuthbertson	Edward Stafford
Joseph Degenhardt	Russell Stewart
Wilbur Ellison	Lucian Taylor
Leo Grosh	Vernon Wade
Houston Hope	Oscar Weber
Taylor Hyatt	Irving Winter
Casper Jacoby	Joseph Wright
August Luer	Adolph Wuerker
Harry Mathews	Paul Zerwekh
Frank Morfoot	



Orchestra



Orchestra

Director

Mr. Richardson

First Violins

Joseph Degenhardt
Carl Hartmann
Cora Wuerker
Emma Horn
Rudolph Horn

Second Violins

Robert Bradshaw
William Stritmatter
Leonard Pratz
Barnett Yaeger
Neild Osburn

Cello

Paul Jacoby

Cornets

Elmer Bierbaum
Samuel Findley
Casper Jacoby
Emil Ulrich

Double Bass

William Eberhardt

Trombone

John Heagler

Piano

Myrtle Boals

Drum—Bert Henney



Girls' Chorus

Fanny Alderson	Elizabeth Dorman
Alma Armour	Clara Dupke
Hildegard Ash	Lulu Feldwisch
Tula Baker	Grace Fiedler
Lelia Bauer	Clara Fiedler
Hattie Bilderbeck	May Foreman
Margaret Boals	Artimisha Getsinger
Helen Boals	Ida Getsinger
Myrtle Boals	Blanche Gilbert
Adelaide Boyle	Flora Glen
Edith Bradish	Ethel Greeling
Isabelle Brooke	Vera Greeling
Calanthe Brueggeman	Lula Halsey
Bessie Bockstruck	Bessie Hamilton
Inez Buckstrup	Helen Hanlon
Kathryn Burns	Florence Harris
Elizabeth Caldwell	Frances Harris
Mary Caldwell	Margaret Harris
Vivienne Carter	Phoebe Herbert
Mabel Coyle	Emily Hoefert
Kathleen Crandall	Helen Holl
Rhea Curdie	Frances Hurlbutt
Irene Cuthbertson	Florence Hurley
Dell Dahlstrom	Aeola Hyatt
Madeline Day	Elizabeth Johnstone
Florence Dick	Angelica Kauffman



Gertrude Kelsey
Corida Koenig
Edith Lagemann
Leonore Lehne
Esther Leeper
Grace Little
Estelle Magee
Mary March
Ora Marum
Nellie Mather
Gladys May
Gertrude Maul
Eula McCrea
Jennie McKee
Ruth McHolland
Katherine Meriwether
Pearl Millison
Ruth Moran
Emma Morris
Electa Musick
Mae Nickels
Emily Nixon
Rosalie O'Brien
Hazel Parrish
Upha Peters
Cora Pile
Eunice Redman
Clara Randolph
Rosalie Reed
Vera Reilly
Amelia Ringemann
Moreland Rintoul

Frances Robertson
Marion Roper
Ruby Rosebery
Ruby Russell
Mildred Rutledge
Mary Ryrie
Dorothy Schaller
Blanche Schlosser
Mildred Scott
Louise Sevier
Marcella Sherwood
Ruby Sidwell
Adele Sotier
Edna Southard
Hilda Stafford
Martha Stanly
Hilda Steiner
Theodosia Taylor
Edith Tonsor
Ethel Tribble
Josephine Waldrip
Ethel Waltrip
Annabel Wayman
Lillian Weber
Estella Weber
Josephine Webb
Florence Weindel
Lillian Wentz
Eunice Whitney
Mary Wilson
Cora Wuerker
Rosalie Zaugg





Calendar

September

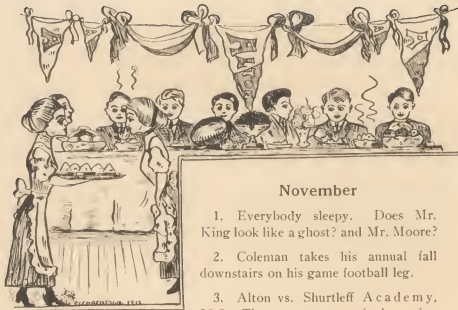
7. First day of school. The Freshmen are all in a daze. Luer meets Mr. Moore and asks him if he is "going to school here, too." We welcome back Mr. Bird, and are glad to see Miss Gillham installed as a member of the faculty.
8. Work begins. We're all buying machine oil to take internally for brain rust. The Freshies bring their apples for recess.
9. So far, no conflict in the program. Great Cæsar!
10. At 2 p.m. a verdant band of Freshmen is lost for the eighteenth time in the hallways.
13. First chorus practice.
14. Ever notice how benedicts smile? Just watch Mr. Richardson.
15. One change in program.
16. No more. Our austere blackboard is unmarred.
19. A Sophomore is really married. How perfectly romantic!
21. THE TATLER editors are elected, and receive the sympathy of the entire school.
23. The orchestra is reorganized.
24. The literary societies have their first meeting.



October

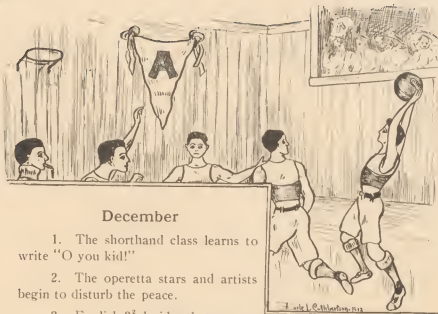
1. Bratfisch forgets to attend English 4¹.
2. Western 5, Alton 0.
4. The first reports are out, "and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth."
5. Coleman forgets himself and takes a quiet snooze.
6. Der Deutsche Verein hat sich heute versammelt.
9. Alton vs. McKinley High. No distinct recollection of the score.
11. Smith resolves to cut out every boy in school.
12. He begins by walking home with J. W.
14. Elliott S. Taylor forgets to whisper!
16. Alton 10, East St. Louis 6.
18. Yolande Moussard forgets to speak to her bird.
19. Smith visits M. Y. this evening.
22. Lucian Taylor proves himself a Paderewski and Percy Beall, a Tennyson in Illini Society meeting.
23. The Pushmataha Society picnics at Godfrey. Alton vs. Springfield, 3-0. The whole town meets the team, and the fellows get a free ride and the crumbs of the Pushmataha feast.
25. The members of the football team appear in court plaster and display their marching ability.
30. Alton vs. Central High. "The whole world loves a cheerful loser." The unmarried members of the faculty reveal their youthful proclivities by Halloweening.





November

1. Everybody sleepy. Does Mr. King look like a ghost? and Mr. Moore?
2. Coleman takes his annual fall downstairs on his game football leg.
3. Alton vs. Shurtleff Academy, 16-5. The carpenters repair the stairs.
4. The Latin Society adopts a constitution.
5. Jack Ryrie discovers that Elizabeth Caldwell is his second cousin, and asks her to the next football game.
6. Alton 8, Edwardsville 0.
8. All out for basketball.
9. In recitation room: "O teacher! I went to the fire last night!"
11. Heard in Latin Society: "I move they don't be no more nominations."
13. The Alton-St. Charles game is cancelled.
16. Louise Gregory sings tenor during the morning exercises.
18. Yolande Moussard procures a coveted work of McCutcheon for a hospital patient.
20. Alton 6, Webster Groves 0.
22. Bert Henney's arm goes straying in English 2^d.
25. Alton at Edwardsville, 5-0. The Alton rooters narrowly escape being mobbed. Thanks to the civic law (?) of Edwardsville.
29. After turkey—trouble.



December

1. The shorthand class learns to write "O you kid!"
2. The operetta stars and artists begin to disturb the peace.
3. English 2^d decides that women should vote. Evidently Miss Gilmore threatened the judges.
6. Blanche S. begins to receive invitations to the Senior play.
7. Operetta practice. General comment on the lack of tenors and bassos.
11. B. S. receives several more.
13. Mr. Moore invests in a stocking cap.
19. We are enjoying Cook and Peary weather.
20. Gallant Cuthbertson still attends to placing Blanche's chair in the overcrowded room.
21. Elizabeth Caldwell, translating in Latin: "Cicero cut the cables (funes) off the letters."
23. The poor receive a bountiful donation. First Freshman to second: "Did youse bring beans?"
24. Der Deutsche Verein celebrates Christmas in German fashion. Possessed of the ancient German spirit, the boys of the society show signs of reverting to the barbarous state.



January

3. "It is not good for man to be alone." After four months of zoölogy, Bowman decides that Mr. Bird belongs to the bobolink species, and throws rice at him.
4. Mr. Roenicke helps Miss Wempen up the stairs. Mr. Roenicke's ice creepers are of little avail.
5. A day for the daring. Smith tries skates for the first time; Bowman uses roller skates; providence deals gently with both.
6. Who stole those gloves? One New Year's resolution broken. Who *is* "Mr. Bob?"
10. English 2^d is entertained by a dramatic interpretation of the stabbing of Cæsar. Chief tragedians, Max Masel and Bert Busse. Sword kindly loaned by German Society.
12. Bert Henney's ghost appears.
14. "Mr. Bob" proves a success. Rex Gary trades trousers with one of the audience for the boat drill.
15. Alton vs. Granite in basketball, 14-50.
19. Beall seems all in a stupor. Solicitous friend: "Percy, what makes you so dizzy?" Beall: "Well, didn't they play circles around us last night?"
21. Finals begin next Wednesday; Emily Hoefert and Alfred Bratfisch present pennants to Miss Bixler.
24. Cuthbertson to Miss Bails: "I don't think I'll take the final in geometry." Miss Bails: "Why not?" Cuthbertson: "I don't want to waste any paper that I can draw on."
- 26, 27, 28. The three twins of preparation, tribulation and desperation; 4th begins its vacation.



February

7. Elizabeth Quigley raises her hand in the assembly room. Strange, isn't it?

8. C. B. disappears in Roman History.

9. First practice of Junior play cast.

10. A couple of the faculty satisfy their Thespian tastes by seeing "Graustark."

16. Gertrude Kelsey changes her seat. O miserimum Johannes!

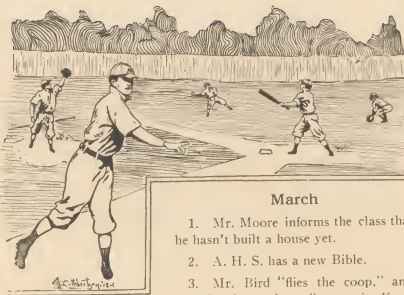
17. Snow, SNOW, SNOW! Everybody happy, especially the Juniors.

18. Pushmataha shows its dramatic talent. The Juniors' joy ride. The committee on refreshments gets busy. On account of the intense cold, the sleighers are necessarily crowded.

21. We learn to say "gradually" in Japanese.

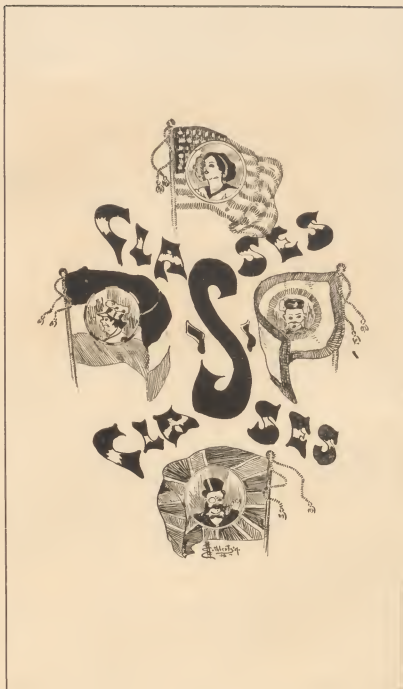
22. Washington's birthday. Classical music on the afternoon program.

23. Mr. King reads a short composition to 3¹ Algebra, "The First Indications of Spring," written by Matilda Y. in the Freshman year.



March

1. Mr. Moore informs the class that he hasn't built a house yet.
2. A. H. S. has a new Bible.
3. Mr. Bird "flies the coop," and the chemistry class disports itself on candy.
8. Mr. Richardson, as daily soloist during the morning exercises, favors the school with a new selection.
9. Mr. Moore, to Taylor: "The more you whisper, the more I'll make the test harder."
10. A new feature. Eunice Whitney stands while playing the morning hymn.
11. A fire escape is under construction. Why do two Juniors and four Seniors look so happy?
14. At 3 a.m.: Two flags of different colors go up. Smith confronts a gun and a billy—and Mr. Lorch behind them. At 9:20 a.m.: A flag-raising conference, with Mr. Richardson as arbitrator, meets in the office.
16. Mr. Moore and Miss Smith attend the theatre. Miss Smith strenuously invited outside.
18. Illini honors St. Patrick with an Irish program.





February Class of 1910

Colors—Black and Gold

Officers

HOYT COX, President

FRANK STOWELL, Vice-President

FRIEDA NETZHAMMER, Secretary and Treasurer

Valedictory, - Winfrey Gregory

Salutatory, - Frieda Netzhhammer



CLASS ROLL

Lenora Cartwright	Julius Meisenheimer
Hoyt Cox	Earl Miller
Winfrey Gregory	Frieda Netzhammer
Eunice Lavenue	Frank Stowell

THE WONDERFUL FEBRUARY CLASS

Did you ever hear of the Seniors? Say!
Who left school one eventful day
Leaving their teachers in wild dismay
And didn't come back for commencement day?
For four long years with might and main
This class of brilliant girls and young men
Had studied class honors to rightfully gain;
They finished the last half-term, and then—
They left the school without delay.
I'll tell the tale in a logical way.
As Freshmen first and then as Sophs
With marbles, paper-wads and coughs
They gained demerits more and more
While gathering knowledge and book lore,
And ere they reached the Junior seats
Had entered in the High School "meets:"
On football teams they had their share
Of members, youths both strong and fair,
And there, as every one does say
Have fairly won the football "A."
For tricks of magic, sleight of hand,
And latest jokes, this little band



Is known, and for its scholars wise
Whose praises rise unto the skies.
And each of these has some desire
Or does to some worthy honor aspire.
The leader very wise will be,
He plans to be Hoyt Cox, M.D.
A soldier brave, Gregory you'll see
And general or captain be.
Leaning on hoe with easy grace
Frank will become a farmer's place.
As doctor Earl will surely find
A use for his most brilliant mind.
And Julius too will find his place
In the advancement of our race.
Frieda, her knowledge gained with ease
May sing and play just as she please.
Eunice's accomplishment's are many,
Famous she'll be for all or any.
Quiet and calm, Lenora too
Will find something of use to do.
These left behind them High School days
And parted on their different ways
Each happy lad and merry lass
Of the wonderful February Class.



SENIORS



JUNE CLASS OF 1910

Colors—Light Blue and Gold

Motto: To the stars through difficulties.

Officers

ELDEN BETTS, President

ELLIOTT F. TAYLOR, Vice-President

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Secretary

IDA GETSINGER, Treasurer

Valedictory	-	-	Edith Browne
Salutatory	-	-	Edna Smith
Declamation	-	Elizabeth Johnstone	
Oration	-	-	August Luer
Prophecy	-	-	Myrtle Boals
History	-	-	Joseph Degenhardt
Poem	-	-	Louis Walter
Class Will	-	-	Joseph Wright
Address to Juniors	-	James Coleman	

FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1911

Colors—Brown and Gold

Officers

RUBY RUSSEL, President

CORA WUERKER, Secretary and Treasurer



ELDEN BETTS
HOWARD GLEN
JOSEPH DEGENHARDT
WILLIAM PACE

EDITH BROWNE
MADELINE DAY
FLORENCE DICK
IDA GETSINGER

ALFRED BRATFISCH
JAMES COLEMAN
JOHN CARSTENS
PERCY BEALL



Percy Beall

"A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing."

Illini; Class Secretary, '08; '10 TATLER staff; Der Deutsche Verein; Football, '09, '10; Basketball, '09, Manager, '10; A. A. President, '09; Secretary, '10.

Elden Betts

"I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Illini; Class Vice-President, '09; President, '10; Editor '10 TATLER; Editor Quill, '10; A. A. Board of Control, '10; '10 Junior and Senior play; Operetta.

Alfred Bratfisch

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Pushmataha; Treasurer Der Deutsche Verein, '09.

Edith Browne

"Framed in the prodigality of nature."

Pushmataha; '10 TATLER staff; Quill staff, '10; Der Deutsche Verein; Sodalitas Latina; Valedictory.

John Carstens

"It takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity."

Illini.

James Coleman

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

Pushmataha President, '09; Quill staff, '08, '09, '10; Debating Team, '09; Football, '08, '09; Captain, '10; A. A. Board of Control, '09; '10 Junior play.

Madeline Day

"Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her."

Illini; Der Deutsche Verein.

Joseph Degenhardt

"But we are all men, in our own natures frail, and capable of our flesh; few are angels."

Illini; Secretary, '08; Vice-President, '09; President, '09; Class President, '08, '09; Class Historian; Business Manager '10 TATLER; Quill staff, '10; Orchestra; A. A. Board of Control, '09; '10 Junior and Senior plays.

Florence Dick

"A gracious, innocent soul."

Illini.

Ida Getsinger

"There's language in her eye."

Pushmataha; Class Treasurer, '10.

Howard Glen

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask you the number of steps."

Illini; Baseball, '10.



PAUL JACOBY
MABEL NEFF
GEORGE POWELL

ESTELLE MAGEE
ANGELICA KAUFFMAN
PEARL MILLISON
ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE

AUGUST LUER
BESSIE HAMILTON
CLAUSY HEPPNER



Bessie Hamilton

"I would help others, out of a
fellow-feeling."

Pushmataha: Class Secretary, '09.

Clausy Heppner

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

Pushmataha: Der Deutsche Verein.

Paul Jacoby

"How far that little candle throws its
beam!"

Illini: Der Deutsche Verein: Or-
chestra.

Elizabeth Johnstone

"Exceedingly wise, fair-spoken and
persuading."

Pushmataha: Class declamation;
Der Deutsche Verein: '10 Junior play.

Angelica Kauffman

"The very pink of perfection."

Illini: Sodalitas Latina: '10 Junior
and Senior plays.

August Luer

"I will not retreat a single inch, and
I will be heard!"

Pushmataha: President, '10: Class
orator: Vice President Der Deutsche
Verein, '10.

Estelle Magee

"A light heart lives long."

Pushmataha: Secretary, '09: So-
dalitas Latina: '10 Junior and Senior
plays.

Pearl Millison

"Woman's at best a contradiction
still."

Pushmataha.

Mabel Neff

"Of very reverend reputation."

Illini: Der Deutsche Verein.

William Pace

"Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb
like the sun; it shines every where."

Illini: Sodalitas Latina.

George Powell

"A fellow of plain, uncoined con-
stancy."

Illini: Basketball, '10: Baseball, '10.



PAUL ROTHACHER
JOSEPH WRIGHT
DELL RILEY

HILDA STEINER
JOSEPHINE WEBB
FLORENCE WEINDEL
GROVES SMITH

ELLIOTT F. TAYLOR
LOUIS WALTER
EDNA SMITH



Dell Riley

"A rose is sweeter in the budde
than full blowne."

Pushmataha.

Paul Rothacher

"If any, speak; for him have I
offended. I pause for a reply."

Illini: Football, '08, '09, Manager.
'10: Basketball, '09, Captain, '10; Base-
ball Captain, '10; A. A. Board of Con-
trol, '10.

Edna Smith

"A maid of grace and complete
majesty."

Pushmataha: Class Vice-President,
'08; Secretary, '09; Der Deutsche
Verein; Salutatory.

Groves Smith

"Great floods have flown from sim-
ple sources."

Pushmataha: Treasurer Der
Deutsche Verein, '09; Secretary, '09;
Sodalitas Latina.

Hilda Steiner

"Who is't can read a woman?"

Pushmataha.

Elliott F. Taylor

"According as the man is, so must
you humor him."

Illini: Vice-President, '09; Class
Vice-President, '10; Art Editor '10
TATLER: Basketball, '09, '10; Operetta:
'10 Junior play.

Louis Walter

"Men of few words are the best
men."

Pushmataha: Class Poet; '10 Junior
play.

Josephine Webb

"I have no other but a woman's
reasons; I think him so, because
I think him so."

Pushmataha: '10 TATLER staff; Der
Deutsche Verein; Sodalitas Latina;
'10 Junior play.

Florence Weindel

"The surest way to hit a woman's
heart is on the knees."

Illini: Sodalitas Latina; '10 Junior
play.

Joseph Wright

"A magnificent spectacle of human
happiness."

Pushmataha: Quill staff, '09, '10.
Class Secretary, '10; Class Will; '10
Junior and Senior plays.



RUTH McHOLLAND
CORA WUERKER
EMILY HOEFERT
RHEA CURDIE

FRANCES HARRIS
FLORENCE HARRIS
HATTIE BILDERBECK

MARY WILSON
YOLANDE MOUSSARD
MYRTLE BOALS
RUBY RUSSELL



Hattie Bilderbeck

"Patience is a necessary ingredient
of success."

Illini

Myrtle Boals

"I am a woman. When I think, I
speak."

Illini; Class Prophecy; Der
Deutsche Verein; Orchestra;
Operetta.

Rhea Curdie

"Is she not passing fair?"

Illini.

Florence Harris

"With a smile on her lip and a tear
in her eye."

Pushmataha; Der Deutsche
Verein.

Frances Harris

"I am slow of study(?)"

Pushmataha; Vice President; Der
Deutsche Verein; '09; Sodalitas Latina.

Emily Hoefert

"Her beauty makes this vault a fleet-
ing presence full of light."

Pushmataha; Vice President, '10;
Class Vice-President, '07; Der
Deutsche Verein; Operetta.

Ruth McHolland

"Her words do show her wit in-
comparable."

Illini; '10 Senior play.

Yolande Moussard

"Thank God! I-I also am an
American!"

Illini.

Ruby Russell

"The mildest and the gentlest
heart."

Pushmataha; Class President, '10;
Sodalitas Latina.

Mary Wilson

"Let no act be done at haphazard."

Pushmataha.

Cora Wuerker

"Although the last, not least."

Illini; Class Vice-President, '09;
Secretary, '10; '10 TAYLER staff;
Orchestra.



WHO DISCOVERED THE POLE?

So much patriotic ardor had been aroused by the discovery of the North Pole, that a company was formed at once for the purpose of colonizing the region surrounding it. As certain members of the faculty of the Alton High School were the main stockholders in this company, it was finally decided to send the class of nineteen-ten to form the first colony.

This decision was announced at a class-meeting, where it was at once decided that our brave and intrepid president, Elden Betts, should be our leader. When the question of transportation came up, Louis Walter immediately arose, and after he had received the recognition of the chair, he suggested that we should travel in automobiles, or rather a combination of boat and automobile, the invention of which had recently been announced. This mode of travel, as he proceeded to explain to us, would be exceedingly advantageous, inasmuch as it would do away with much delay, by obliterating the necessity of moving into boats whenever we came to a crack in the ice. The only objection, so far as we could see, was the fact that such a machine travelled only twenty miles an hour, and that was much too slow to be desirable. However, we had almost decided to accept this, as no more favorable substitute was available, when Alfred Bratfisch suddenly announced that with the aid of Joe Wright, he had just finished the invention of an aeroplane, which was large enough to transport to the North Pole, with ease and speed, the entire class and all necessary baggage. As we would thus have the advantages offered in the first suggestion, and at the same time eliminate the undesirable features, it was unanimously agreed by the class to accept Alfred's kind offer, and everyone departed at once to make his preparations.

All seemed to be going well, and at last the eventful day arrived. The High School was to be the starting point, and early in the morning a great crowd had assembled, viewing with interest the aeroplane which was located in the park behind the building. Everything was in readiness for the start, and as a last precaution the roll was called. But alas, two members were missing! What should be done? Just then Joe Degenhardt came rushing through the crowd, but where was the other? A strange light was now perceived in the distance, with a dark form moving in the center of it. As it came nearer, we discovered that it was August Luer and that the light was but the radiance of his smile.



before the Board of Education, in order to establish their identity beyond all doubt and to prevent any accusations of nature faking. Everyone agreed to this suggestion, and we were soon on our way back home again.

As we were flying swiftly through the air, Bessie Hamilton suddenly screamed loudly, as we saw one of the poles, which had not been fastened securely, dropping rapidly downward with William Pace, who had attempted to hold it back, clinging frantically to one end. The aeroplane was turned about immediately, but both William and the pole had disappeared. A wild search commenced, as soon as we had landed, but it was useless. No one could explain the sudden disappearance, and murmurs were heard from some that the pole was endowed with some magic power, when Ruth Moran discovered a great hole through the crust of the snow, from the depths of which could be heard faint sounds as of some one moving. Ropes were lowered into the hole, and soon William appeared, still holding triumphantly to the pole. The only probable explanation offered by the scientists of the party was that William had become heated from the friction of his swift flight through the air, and had melted the snow.

We re-embarked hastily and continued on our way, the rest of the journey being quite uneventful. Finally we were received with many honors by the citizens of Alton. The question as to the identity of the two poles, which are on exhibition at the High School, will be settled at the next meeting of the Board of Education.

JOSEPHINE WEBB, '10.

A PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE.

A parliamentary drill was being held by the Illini and Pushmataha Societies, and among the first motions was this:

"Mr. President, I make a motion that the class of 1911 should be acknowledged as the best class in High School."

The motion was carried and remarks were called for.

"Mr. President, I wish that some one would please state in what way he thinks the class of '11 is better than any other," this from a Junior girl who one could tell was just a trifle nervous over the consequences of her remark.

"Well, Mr. President," drawled a member of '11, "that's easy. We are better in athletics, dramatics and flag-raising than any other



class in High School. Of course all of the athletes are not in our class, but those that we have are influential. Look at the captain for next year; he's in our class, and every class can't have a foot-ball captain. I think it's unnecessary to speak of dramatics, as every member of this school knows the ability of the '11 class in that line. How about that flag-raising last year? Didn't we show school spirit? No other class ever did such things, and this shows that our school spirit is of the best."

"Mr. President, I think it shows little superiority in a class to force us to acknowledge its members as leaders," came from an irritated Soph.

"Mr. President, I beg to inform that person that this is America, and that nothing but good common sense will be brought to bear upon your decisions."

"The members of the societies will please remember to create no scene while we are in session," came from the chair in calm, deliberate tones.

"We've forgotten the hospitality of '11," came from a tiny Junior in the rear of the room.

"Can the preceding speaker say that he has never noticed the good treatment of such visitors to our section as Ramp, Bowman, Cox, Gregory, Hyatt, Stowell and many others?"

"Mr. President, that brings to my mind another phase in which 1911 leads—unselfishness. We owe a great deal to the class of 1910, and we are honest enough to admit it, but we have recompensed them by allowing many of our members to join their ranks. We need that class, and they need us, so a 'fair exchange is no robbery.'"

The question was called for, and an affirmative majority carried the day for the class of 1911. The motion for adjournment was in order, and in a few minutes the meeting was dismissed.

A straggling Soph and Junior were heard to say as they left the hall:

"Oh, there's no use in trying to argue with that class, for, if they wanted to, they would make you believe that your head was off your shoulders, and you would either have to acknowledge it or they would argue it off anyway, so what's the use?" and with a laugh they were gone, only proving by their words, however, that the class of 1911 has another strong point—arguing.

RUTH McHOLLAND, '11.



JUNIORS



Juniors—Second Section

Colors - Blue and Black

Officers

JOSEPH McMULLEN, President

WALTER LEVIS, Vice-President

GERTRUDE KELSEY, Secretary

JOHN RYRIE, Treasurer

Juniors—First Section

Colors—Blue and White

Officers

PAUL ZERWEKH, President

LILLIAN GADDIS, Vice-President

EDITH TONSOR, Secretary and Treasurer

Stanley Beck, Senia Fiedler, Ruth Glassbrenner, Eva Lavenue and Ethel Wilson, whose names belong on the Junior roll, first section, left school the second semester.



DOROTHY BROWNE
LULU FELDWISCH
HAZEL EATON
MABEL COYLE

HERMON COLE
WARREN GRATIAN

KATHRYN BURNS
MAY FOREMAN
ELIZABETH CALDWELL
CLARA FIEDLER



Random Rhyme

Dorothy Browne

As warriors bold, in days of old,
Went forth to do or die,
So Dorothy fair, with utmost care,
Fights for her grades so high.

Kathryn Burns

Precociously brilliant, in work she'll not cease;
In speaking, a share, and on learning, a lease
Has this loyal maid of the Junior class:
There's not such another in all of the class.

Elizabeth Caldwell

She's simple, sweet, supremely suave,
Soft speaking, so sincere;
She seldom shrieks—submissive slave,
Serves study strict, severe.

Hermon Cole

Hermon Cole is a generous soul,
As a slot-machine he's grand;
Just give him a smile, and after a while
He'll drop some gum in your hand.

Mabel Coyle

A very small Miss is M. Coyle,
Who over her books hard does toil,
But however it be, it's easy to see
She makes good use of her smile.



Hazel Eaton

Little Miss Eaton once went a-greetin',
All on a fine summer day;
But soon she met Walter, who couldn't but halt her
And automobile her away.

Lulu Feldwisch

Twinkling eyes that ever seem
To laugh, and yet can serious be;
A heart so kind, we do not deem
That she could hurt a flea!

Clara Fiedler

O dear me! Did the signal ring?
Professor, give us time!
I'll run so fast, in dimeter
Both feet will rhyme.

May Foreman

She's eminent in sweet Apollo's art,
Dislikes from her 'loved instrument to part;
'Tis said of her, also, her heart
Is not invulnerable to Cupid's dart.

Warren Gratian

If you should need advice on anything,
Mechanical or musical, just bring
Your queries here, for he is wise in chem.,
And from an organ-builder's race does spring.



GERTRUDE KELSEY
JENNIE MCKEE
HELEN HOLL

CARL HARTMANN
WILLIAM HEARNE
JOSEPH McMULLEN
MAX MASEL

VERNEDA JACOBY
EDITH LOWE
KATHERINE LEE

Carl Hartmann

This funny young chap is the Ed.,
Who has some queer thoughts in his head,
His perennial smile
Will come after 'while,
But just now it looks sick a-bed.

William Hearne

Kind reader, whenever you see William Hearne,
Award him his just and deserved commendation,
For with 'ologies, drawing and music to learn
He's almost collapsed and had nervous prostration.

Helen Holl

Plucky, pretty, popular,
Persistent, practical,
Pert and prim and provident,
Persuasive, punctual.

Verneda Jacoby

Verneda is the jolly girl
Who sets Room 2 in a whirl;
She talks so fast she has to stutter,
And when she gets through, she is all in a flutter.

Gertrude Kelsey

Fair Gertrude with the locks so ruddy
Ever does delight in study;
Extremely literary, too,
The *Quill* could ill without her do.



Katherine Lee

Kind, konsiderate Katherine Lee,
How konscientious she doth be!
Kareful, kool, in classes keen,
A clever kombination's she.

Edith Lowe

Although her name is Edith Lowe,
The teachers mark it high;
She's never slow in Cicero,—
Guess that's the reason why.

Max Masel

He aspires some day an engineer to be,
And with this purpose steadfastly has he
Resolved himself to unremitting study;
He hasn't time to waste away; how could he?

Jennie McKee

O would that I could always be
But half as good as J. McKee!
Eager and diligent is she,
And studies perseveringly.

Joseph McMullen

If quality were judged by quantity,
Where now he is, Joseph would never be.
But all his growth is spent on brain:
When so equipped, can man complain?



HERBERT SCHAEFER
RUTH MORAN
CARL VOLZ

JULIA THORN
AMELIA RINGEMANN
MILDRED RUTLEDGE
MARCELLA SHERWOOD

JOHN RYRIE
JOSEPHINE WALDRIP
FREDERIC NORTON



Ruth Moran

To be sure her name's Ruth,
Though ruthless she be,
If you've seen her smash bikes,
You will surely agree.

Frederic Norton

A versifactor, neat and clever,
In nothing lax or careless ever;
Albeit his limbs oftimes are slow,
His head's above the common go.

Amelia Ringemann

Dieses Fräulein ist sehr ruhig
Oft studiert und viel;
Schweigen paszt ihr glücklich ein und
Auch zuweilen Spiel.

Mildred Rutledge

'Tis her delight to do with might
All that lies in her way;
Her lesson work she'll never shirk,
Although it takes all day.

John Ryrie

John Alex. Ryrie's middle name
From Alexander *Magnus* came;
Perhaps his folks foresaw that he
Some day a great half-back would be.



Herbert Schaefer

He speaks but when 'tis necessary,
And studies when 'tis arbitrary;
His conduct's never known to vary—
'Tis said to be most exemplary.

Marcella Sherwood

Beautiful hair and eyes of blue,
A disposition good,
Belong to a modest maiden true,
Whose named Marcella Sherwood.

Julia Thorn

This maiden fair of the Junior zone
By the name of "Buttons" is very well known;
She is pretty and witty—her answers are bright—
She certainly is the teachers' delight.

Carl Volz

A diligent student, a punctual scholar,
He deports himself well, and he's bright as a dollar;
He enjoys a good joke and can perpetrate one,
But he knows there's a time both for work and for fun.

Josephine Waldrip

To be seen and not be heard
In her case would be absurd,
For by her pleasing *vox* and word
The *populus* is pleased and stirred.



HELEN DIDLAKE
RUTH DORSEY
LILLIAN GADDIS
GRACE BISSLAND

EARLE CUTHBERTSON
WILBUR ELLISON

TULA BAKER
WILLIAM EBERHARDT
LOVIE BLANTON
SIDWAY CLEMENT



Vagrant Verse

Tula Baker

Tula is dark and handsome,
Her eyes are a wondrous brown,
Her hair is as black as the anthracite,—
Its lustre brings her renown.

Grace Bissland

Quite a studious girl is she,
And we all can safely say
She's never without her Geometry,
From morn till eve of day.

Lovie Blanton

Vivacious, joyous, merry, gay,
With her the hours speed away
As do the early days of May,
And yet her life is not all play.

Bert Busse

It ends with his neck and begins with his forehead,
It's useful in winter to keep his brain torrid,
When he bends down his head,
(This is true) it is said
It falls down and looks simply horrid.

Sidway Clement

There was a young fellow named Sid,
Who succeeded in all that he did,
So TATLERS he sold,
And now, it is told,
He's familiarly known as "the Yid."



Earle Cuthbertson

F U Dsire 2 C E. C.,
Oh, long must B UR W8,
4 his NRG around M. B.
Is little short of gr8.

Helen Didlake

This maiden started the Freshman craze,
Which the other girls viewed for a time with amaze,
But the Seniors took it up, you see,
And now with Helen they agree.

Ruth Dorsey

If a nickname for this lass is sought,
'Twill not be hard to find,
For "Goldilocks" at once is brought
To every thoughtful mind.

William Eberhardt

Bill practiced for years a-sawing at wood;
When he entered the school, as soon as he could
He sawed at the fiddle; then after awhile
He discovered his calling and sawed the bass viol.

Wilbur Ellison

It's Wilbur's ambition a doctor to be,
And after his sign write a doctor's degree;
But whether his sign shall read M.D. or Vet.,
We haven't been able to find out as yet.

Lillian Gaddis

Jolly, witty, graceful and fair,
Of her Irish descent she is proud.
Her azure eyes and ebon hair
Ne'er failed to charm a crowd.



LOUISE GREGORY
FRANCES ROBERTSON
ETHEL GREELING

FLORA GLEN
WALTER LEVIS
REN GARY
FRIEDA KOCH

MARY RYRIE
GERTRUDE MAUL
FRANK MORFOOT



Rex Gary

He's the captain-elect of the football team,
And the athletic man on the QUILL;
When he bawls out the team, you can hear the girls
scream
As if they would never be still.

Flora Glen

A literary miss,
Whose numerous writings show it;
A captivating miss,
Who charms you ere you know it.

Ethel Greeling

Most conscientious of the class
Is this gentle, generous lass:
In studiousness we'll all agree
She can by none excelled be.

Louise Gregory

There's a fair-haired, blue-eyed Sophomore,
Whose name we'll not allow;
Can't you guess of whom we're thinking?
Let Us Close In Answer Now.

Helene Heagler

Happy and plucky, and easy-go-lucky,
A foe to the strenuous life;
Pleasing and jolly, not given to folly (?),
And holding from faculty strife.

Frieda Koch

Tall and slight,
Industrious, bright,
She does all things
Exactly right.



Walter Levis

"I loved him well:
His fearless part,
His gallant leading,
Won my heart."

Gertrude Maul

She thought that if she played the violin
Or the piano, it would make her thin;
And so she practices in giggling,—
She cultivates her voice,—we like the din.

Frank Morfoot

Proudly 'e speaks 'is mother tongue,
Hand valiantly defends heach wrong
Hof dear houl 'Heangland; hand, who knows
Some day has Latinist e'll pose.

Frances Robertson

This young maid leads the Physics class,
And by using her imagination
Can answer all questions on volume and mass,
And even about gravitation.

Mary Ryrie

A fairy sprite, a butterfly,
A fantasy that's hast'ning by,
Must needs to make thee tarry;
And so does happy Mary.



HILDA STAFFORD
VERNON WADE
MARTHA STANLY

ROSALIE ZAUGG
MATILDA YAGER
MARJORIE TAYLOR

EDITH TONSOR
PAUL ZERWEKH
LOUISE SEVIER



Louise Sevier

This maid is not severe,
And yet Sevier is she,
I can't explain, I fear,
This inconsistency.

Hilda Stafford

This innocent child with eyes of blue,
Cannot boast to me or to you
Of very great height, for indeed this lass
Must as the Junior midget pass.

Martha Stanly

Long lines of Latin she translates,
And never, never makes mistakes;
If she keeps on, with such an outlook
She will surely turn into a Latin book.

Marjorie Taylor

A lover of the Freshman class,
But in and out of season,
And for this admiration staunch,
There is an ample reason.

Edith Tonsor

Oh, this is a song of a stately girl,
Whose beauty will win her fame;
She is cheerful and happy all day long
And Edith is her name.



Vernon Wade

There is a young fellow named Vernon,
Whose hair's of a color that's burnin',
It's a paradise red,
And it's right on his head,
But it can't interfere with his learnin'.

Matilda Yager

This is the young lady called "Tillie,"
Whose beau for once isn't named "Willie,"
But it's almost as bad,
For "Bob" is the lad
Whose ardor has reached Piccadillie.

Rosalie Zaugg

Rosalie modestly smiles,
Prudently seldom she wiles
The valuable hours away; rather each day,
She sits and her lesson compiles.

Paul Zerwekh

President of Illini,
Also of his class;
Unremittingly does he
Labor, and he'll pass.



A HIGH SCHOOL UTOPIA

The part of the High School world known as Junior Land is inhabited by more powerful people than those of any other kingdom. This ideal country serves as a model Utopia for all; for the Sophomores fasten their eyes on it and long to be under its protecting wing; the Freshmen wonder at it as though it were supernatural; while the Seniors are often caught regarding it with jealous pride. The other kingdoms, however, never try to conquer our beautiful land, because they can easily see that we are invincible and excel and, moreover, that we, like the Renaissance, are a quickening power in the universe.

Our executive supremacy distinguishes Junior Land. The country is ruled by a kind and generous queen, the flaxen-haired Elizabeth, beloved by all her subjects. Because the renowned queen of old encouraged literature, Shakespeare proved himself the greatest writer of all ages; likewise, our Elizabeth has enabled Carl, the Shakespeare of the country, to make this "Tatler" the greatest of any ever published. It is sent far and wide and is read by all nations, so that its universality is as phenomenal as that of the greatest poet's works. Her able assistant, our prime minister, Frederic, has a commanding manner and dignity and brilliancy which causes all other nations to stand in awe. Moreover, what land can be successful without a politician? We have found this genius in Joe, who, though the smallest in the class, has a profundity of thought and a voice that draws thousands to hear him. All the questions of state are ably discussed by this talented person. The Seniors have tried various means to entice him to their shores, but this country could make little progress without our statesman. Marcella, noted for her precision and neatness, preserves the state records so accurately that a flaw has never been found.

In education we reign supreme by furnishing a university for the entire globe, founded by Gertrude and Dorothy. Where could there be found more learned scholars? The most capable instructors are employed for the many different branches, as Latin is taught by Hermon; geometry is made clear by Marjory; Helen excels in history, and the two Williams are professors of English. Nor are the liberal arts cultivated at the expense of the fine arts, for music is found in the curriculum here. May and Mildred have become so acquainted with



this science of harmonical sounds that they can present "The Moonlight Sonata" in exactly the same manner as Beethoven. As the soft melodious strains of music, growing now louder, now softer, float over to the ears of our neighbors, they involuntarily come nearer to listen, and stand lost in rapture over the harmonious echoes.

Aside from these advantages, we have provided for the social benefits of our people, a committee of the most able members, such as Ruth, Kathryn, Verneda, Walter and Carl having been appointed to furnish amusements. Parks have been opened, theatres have been erected, and many magnificent banquets are held, which are free to all the inhabitants. Not only are places of amusement supplied, but also conveyances in the shape of automobiles, always ready under the skilled hand of Walter, the chauffeur. But who can hope to have such events successful without foretelling the weather? William Hearne, our weather-bird, attends to this duty. The Seniors wish his services for their June festivities; so, if they behave themselves until that time, we will probably show our generosity by sending our learned man to their aid. In connection with our social life, must be mentioned the fact that we are the Paris of the High School world. If Hazel did not lead in this and display the season's fads and latest fashions first, our neighbors would seldom change their styles. While she thus plans the next code of dress, Julia spends her time in arranging her auburn tresses most becomingly. Although the Seniors have entered into an alliance with the Sophomores to invent a hair-dye, they can never devise a preparation to produce the rich auburn color that this maiden naturally possesses.

Finally our land must be defended, a duty which our two athletes, Jack and Wilbur, are strong enough to perform so well with their Herculean strength as to prevent any attack from without.

Could any land be more nearly Utopian?

EDITH LOWE, '11.



THE ORATION OF THE CLASS '12

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

Sophs, Freshies and Seniors, lend me your ears;
I come to praise '12, not to condemn it,
The cussedness kids do lives after them, on their reports,
The good is oft forgotten by the teachers.
Not so let it be with us. Someone
Hath said that '12 is an ambitious class;
If this is so, it is an enviable fault,
And cheerfully have we adhered to it.
Here under leave of the Seniors and the rest,—
For the Seniors are accommodating "ginks;"
So are they all, all accommodating creatures,—
Come I to write in '12's favor.
For '12 is my friend, faithful and just to me,
But our Seniors say we are stupid and slow,
And Seniors are all honorable people.
We have brought many back to the transverse aisle,
Whose merits and demerits did the teachers give;
Did this in us seem stupid?
When B. C. comes to clear the room, you see us scatter;
Slowness should be made of "different stuff."
Yet the Seniors say we are slow,
And Seniors are all industrious individuals.
You all did see that after finals
B. C. presented us forthwith new seats,
Which we immediately accepted. Was this stupidity?
Yet Seniors say we are stupid;
And, sure, they are intelligent personages.
I speak not to tell the Seniors they are fibbers,
But I am here to tell you we are *It!*
They all were Juniors, not without faults and demerits,
What cause then for these opinions?
O common sense, thou hast left the mighty Seniors!
Bear with me, my heart is with the Class of '12,
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

LILLIAN GADDIS, '12.



SOPHOMORES



Sophomores—Second Section



Sophomores—Second Section





Sophomores—Second Section

Colors—Moss-green and Old-gold

Officers

TAYLOR HYATT, President

AGNES POWELL, Vice-President

LELIA BAUER, Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Hildegard Ash
Emma Ballenger
Lelia Bauer
Harry Beck
Dora Bennes
Karl Bockstruck
Robert Bradshaw
Charles Brawn
Calanthe Brueggeman
Walter Burns
Henry Carstens
Vivienne Carter
Dell Dahlstrom
Elizabeth Dorman
Grace Fiedler
Marie Fitzgerald
Marie Floss
Sidney Gaskins
Madeline Gervig
Harry Getsinger
Louise Gillham
Eula Green
Lyle Harford
Malcolm Harris
Margaret Harris
Engelbert Hauerken
Thomas Haycraft
Ada Hemken
Bert Henney
Frances Hurlbutt

Florence Hurley
Taylor Hyatt
Winifred Johnson
Walter Jungeblut
George Juttemeyer
Edith Lagemann
Grace Little
John Lemp
Mary March
Bessie Morris
Emma Morris
Blanche Peters
Upha Peters
Cora Pile
Agnes Powell
Clara Randolph
Adeline Reis
Ernest Rennebaum
Ruby Rosebery
Reba Russell
Mildred Scott
John Shine
George Smith
Robert Smith
Marie Strunge
Elliott S. Taylor
Lucian Taylor
Archa Trabue
George Walker
Ethel Waltrip
Eugene Webb
Irving Winter



THE SOPHOMORES OF 1910

Should you ask me whence these teachers,
Whence these children and these stories,
With the gabble of the lessons,
With the hardships of the school-room,
With the giggling of the school-girls,
With the long tales of demerits,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder of the mountains,
I should answer, I should tell you:

"From the hallway and the stair-case,
From the great assembly fortress,
From the upper rooms on third floor,
From the English room below it,
From the gym. and from the doorways,
Where the children, noisy Sophomores,
Haunt the corners of the High School.
I repeat this as I heard it,
From the lips of Taylor Hyatt,
The president, the Sophomore leader."

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "What think *you* of Sophomores?
Tell us of their coming fortunes,"
I should answer all inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:

"Tho' these Sophomores now are noisy,
Somewhere in the distant future,
Gleams a bright and glorious radiance,
Like a summer sun uprising.
'Tis the Senior class, once Sophomores,
Class of 1912, now Sophomores,
Great and learned and mighty Sophomores,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sophomores!

JOHN LEMP, '12.



Sophomores—First Section





Sophomores—First Section





Sophomores—First Section

Colors—Gold and Black

Officers

HARRY MATHEWS, President

JOSEPH RAMP, Vice-President

EUNICE WHITNEY, Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Newton Baker	Viola Miller
Elmer Bierbaum	Electa Musick
Helen Boals	Mae Nickels
Adelaide Boyle	Paul Neff
Edith Bradish	Helen Ott
Flora Broglie	Courtney Perrin
Gordon Cousley	Leonard Pratz
Cocina Donnelly	Roland Radecke
Alice Freeman	Joseph Ramp
Johannah Gerbig	Flora Riley
Vera Greeling	Joseph Scherer
Alice Green	Karl Scherer
Leo Grosh	Lola Scott
Lula Halsey	Homer Sheets
August Hanold	Russel Stewart
Harold Harford	William Stritmatter
Phoebe Herbert	Hilda Straube
Pearl Hopson	Adele Strubel
Ruth Kinney	Emil Ullrich
Leo Kleinschnittger	Anabel Wayman
Frank Koehne	Robert Whetzel
Joseph Kohler	Lillian Weber
Earl Linkogle	Oscar Weber
Bessie McKee	Stella Weber
Harry Mathews	Eunice Whitney
Katherine Meriwether	Edward Winkler



A PANEGYRIC

It is apprehended by all that the February Class of 1913 always was, is, and ever will be the most astonishing class that ever attended the eminent, renowned, illustrious and celebrated Alton High.

All the members of our class are very magnanimous, but especially two who enjoy the appellation of Scherer. These are so munificent as often to dispense with their instruction in order that others may possess a portion, however infinitesimal.

We also have a Wink(l)er who is transcendent among the girls, a Stewart who does all the cooking, a Beertree, a source of refreshment native to Germany, but extremely infrequent in America.

In these times of dearth of sustenance, a Miller is very gratifying to the class.

What is more to be coveted than liberty? All love franchise, and we are not to be abandoned even in this respect, for have we not among us that most envied and enviable of all things—a Freeman? This blessing is more than any other class can vaunt, even the one most imbued with egoism.

Our class evolves factitious actualities that never were even cogitated by others, such as discovering two unknowns with a single equation, conjugating verbs in the subjunctive "will be" and "will have been" tenses. And then, in English, if the narratives do not terminate right, we endeavor to rectify them, and, if the originators were still living, we are sure that they would diversify the aforesaid products of their imagination accordingly, as our insinuations are unblemished. Physical Geography, too, has its portion. If the rivers and mountains are not in the most commodious places, we innovate them to be congruent with our rejoinders. All the teachers are convinced that we comprise no psittaceous vacuity, and that our statements possess a clarified conciseness, for we thwart all conglomerations, and create very few blunders.

We hope to be as erudite as the other Sophomores soon, and believe that we shall not find it incumbent upon us to utilate the dictionary very much longer.

EUNICE WHITNEY, '13.





Freshmen—Second Section

Colors—Red and Black

Officers

WALTER WOOD, President

JAMES FORBES, Vice-President

HAROLD STILLWELL, Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Leslie Alt	Clark Gillham
Lucy Bailey	William Graham
Blanch Bell	Tillie Guertler
Thomas Berry	Nellie Hatcher
Margaret Boals	John Heagler
Frederick Bowman	Nora Hinderhan
Isabel Brooke	Houston Hope
Walter Browne	Emma Horn
Inez Buckstrup	Rudolph Horn
Thelma Chambers	Aeola Hyatt
Kathleen Crandall	John Hyler
Irene Cuthbertson	Ernest Jackson
Ethel Day	Alice Joesting
Edward Duis	Altha Kennedy
George Demuth	Rudolph Knight
Lynn Dolbow	Grace Lavenue
William Feldwisch	Leonore Lehne
Samuel Findley	Leo Lorch
Irene Flach	Katherine Lindley
Mary Flamm	Marie Lowe
James Forbes	James Lynch
Edna Gerbig	George Maguire
Blanche Gilbert	Clarence Martini



Freshmen—Second Section





Freshmen—Second Section





Freshmen—Second Section—Continued

Elizabeth Martin	Blanche Schlosser
Ora Marum	Clyde Schmoeller
Nellie Mather	Paul Scott
Gladys May	Effie Sevier
Harry Moldafsky	Ruby Sidwell
Emily Nixon	Mamie Snyder
Rosalie O'Brien	Edna Southard
Donald Oglesby	Harold Stillwell
Eugene Price	Mildred Swettenham
Rosalie Reed	Lillian Talmage
Vera Reilly	Elva Weber
Marion Roper	Ressa Webster
Arnold Rosebery	Henry Werts
Pearl Sanger	Walter Wood
Dorothy Schaller	Barnett Yaeger

THE FINDING OF THE FRESHMEN.

One evening as we sat studying our lessons for the next day and talking of the mysterious disappearance of some of our classmates, there floated before us a vapor-like car, upon which was seated a tiny elf with a very troubled expression on his face. This expression reminded us of our principal at High School. He told us to take the car and go in search of the missing Freshmen.

Once seated, we felt the car rising slowly, and we realized that our journey had begun. During the first part of the trip, the weather was Sevier, but our Hope was kept up by the thought of finding our classmates. Seeing an old witch riding on her broomstick, we asked her to give us some information concerning our friends. She pointed with a bony finger to a fluffy white cloud, upon which nestled a beautiful little city.

"Perhaps," said she, 'in urbe nubium' you will find the missing classmates."

On arriving we found the city surrounded by a high wall of mist. We had a very hard time in landing, until the Roper threw out a long rope of Pearl dew drops, and caught it on a point of a star which shone through the mist.



Although it was autumn, the weather was as balmy as a Day in May. The leaves were Browne and were falling thick and fast. On the bushes near by a little Rosebery could be seen. A little "Schaller" Brooke bubbled in and out among the rocks. A beautiful animal with branching Horns came loping down toward the water, and on the branch of a tree a quiet (?) little Martin chirped. Just discernible in the distance was a Lowe thatched roof cottage. Out from one side of the Wood came a gay cavalcade led by a heavily clad Knight, mounted upon a great white charger. Following him came a gallant Scott, accompanying a beautiful society Belle.

Although not expecting to find any of our classmates in the executive mansion, we thought we would like to meet the ruler of the quaint little city. What was our surprise to find in the president's chair, the great phenomenon of our class. We were rather frightened for he had always made threats to "Duis." We scurried out of this building, and went into the next one, which was the Hall of Fame. We had to pay the Price of fifty cents admission. Gazing up at the pictures as we passed along we spied several well-known faces, among which were the illustrious Webster, the war-like Jackson and the celebrated Dr. Talmage.

Walking along we suddenly saw before us a great black mass, resembling a thunder cloud. This proved to be the dungeon of Demerits. We found it crowded with a great number of people from High School, but none of our classmates were in it.

Suddenly there appeared before us the little elf. "You have done your work well," he said, "and now you may return to earth, where you will find the other pupils."

Mounting our car we slowly descended. The city of mist grew indistinct. Nearer to the earth we flew, the fresh breeze fanning our cheeks, until we saw again the Ruby lights of earth gleaming below us. As we softly touched the ground, the car seemed to disappear, leaving us sitting in our chairs by the fire. We rubbed our eyes and looked dazedly at each other. Everything was Still.

"Well!" we both said.

GRACE LAVENUE and EMILY NIXON, '13.



Freshmen—First Section





Freshmen—First Section





Freshmen—First Section

Colors—Purple and Gold

Officers

EDWARD STAFFORD, President

CASPER JACOBY, Vice-President

HAZEL PARRISH, Secretary

MARY CALDWELL, Treasurer

Members

Joseph Adams	Harry Nickels
Fanny Alderson	Neild Osburn
Alma Armour	Hazel Parrish
Florence Birt	Oliver Pratz
Byron Bivens	Elizabeth Quigley
Bessie Bockstruck	Eunice Redman
Mary Caldwell	Moreland Rintoul
Elizabeth Canham	Doris Rubenstein
Clara Dupke	Bert Russell
Artimisha Getsinger	Mamie Schwaab
Myra Hinman	Dwight Shaff
Marguerite Hohmann	Agnes Smith
Charles Hughson	Adele Sotier
Casper Jacoby	Edward Stafford
Corida Koenig	Frank Sutton
Theodore Kohlhepp	Theodosia Taylor
Esther Leeper	Ethel Tribble
Eula McCrea	Lucy Walker
Minnie May	Emma Watkins
Robert May	Lillian Weutz
James Morgan	Adolph Wuerker



THE GENTLE "FRESH"

The timid "Fresh," all pink and white,
I rush with all my heart;
She writes me rhymes with all her might
To help THE TATLER start.

She wanders frightened through the hall,
She cannot help but stray,
In spite of much advice from all
She's really lost her way.

They're choosing colors for her class,
I hope they'll choose what's fit,
A brilliant green, just like the lass,
Would suit, you must admit.

Though teased and rushed by every class,
Because a Freshman new,
To higher grades she soon will pass
And do the same to you.

ELIZABETH QUIGLEY, '14.





FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1909

The season of 1909 has been a successful one from all sides. Last year we won only one game out of the four which were played and ended with a deficit; this year, however, we reversed the tables completely, won six games out of eight and, thanks to the loyal support of the school, paid all expenses. We need not be ashamed of the two defeats, for we lost only to Central and McKinley—teams which represent the best players from schools with a thousand students, institutions hardly in our class. But, although in no game did we roll up a heavy score, our victories were won from teams certainly as strong as we were.

On October 2, we opened the season by playing McKinley High at St. Louis. Owing to the fact that we were away from home and that Stowell and Gregory had been disabled in scrimmage and so did not play, we were defeated by the heavy score of 38 to 0.

Our next game was postponed a week, but on the sixteenth we played East St. Louis here and Ramp, by scoring twice in the first half, gave us ten points and the game. Early in the second half he was injured and withdrawn and East St. Louis, recovering a return punt, scored, but time was called shortly afterwards. Score, 10 to 6.

One week later we won our hardest game at Springfield by one field goal, 3 to 0. Beall kicked off to Springfield quarter, and our team held for downs. After carrying the ball to their 25-yd. line, Beall put a place kick over for the only score of the game. During the remaining time, we held them safe, gaining many times on cross bucks, and, although they reached our 25-yd. line once, the game ended with the ball in our possession on Springfield's 5-yd. line with two downs to make the distance.

We were scheduled to play Central here, but their coach telephoned that the Board of Education had ruled that no St. Louis team could play out of town, so we went to St. Louis. In the first half Coleman was injured and to his withdrawal, to our numerous fumbles and to their superiority in weight and speed, we owe our second heavy defeat, 40 to 0.

On the next Wednesday we met Shurtleff Academy, and through the good work of Beall in circling their ends, we won, 16 to 6. The Academy scored first on a fumble of ours, but almost immediately afterwards Beall ran to the 5-yd. line with the ball, and Ellison scored



on the next play. Twice again Beall circled the end for a long run, both times for a touchdown.

On Saturday, Nov. 6, Edwardsville visited us with high hopes, but, of course, they were disappointed. With four yards to go on the third down, Beall attempted a place kick and succeeded. Towards the last of the half, he again scored on an end run. In the second half their referee, by continually penalizing us, kept us from further scoring, but we, too, held them safe. Score 8 to 0.

On the following Saturday, Webster Groves visited us. Ellison being kept out by a sprained ankle, Coleman went back to left half and played an excellent game. Early in the first half, he scored, and Beall kicked a difficult goal. No further scoring was done, although in the last minute of play, Beall missed a place kick by the barest of margin, and earlier, Ramp carried the ball to the line, only to have the referee declare it not over. We were especially fortunate in recovering fumbled punts, the ends falling on the ball for gains of 35 to 40 yards several times. Score, 6 to 0.

Determined to finish up the season with another victory, we went to Edwardsville on Thanksgiving day in a special car. After carrying the ball almost to the goal, we lost it on a fumble; but only a few minutes later, we made a touchdown, the only score of the game. Several times again we lost the ball within their 15-yd. line, but time was up for the first half. We started the second half by kicking to Edwardsville, and the two teams struggled evenly for some time. Edwardsville, blocking a punt, downed Coleman, who had recovered it on our 1-yd. line. Referee Haight called Edwardsville off-side on this play, however, but they refused to play to it, and he gave us a forfeited game. Score, 5 to 0.

JOHN RYRIE, '11.





Football Team

Left End	Cox, '10
Left Tackle	Cuthbertson, '12, Weber, '13
Left Guard	Smith, '12
Center	Gregory, '10, Ryrie, '11
Right Guard	Stowell, '10
Right Tackle	Mathews, '13
Right End	Rothacher, '10
Quarter Back	Gary, '11
Left Half Back	Ellison, '11, Coleman, '10, Captain
Full Back	Ramp, '13
Right Half Back	Beall, '10
Coach	S. J. Moore
Managers	R. L. Bird, Paul Rothacher

Football Record for 1909

October 2, at St. Louis :		
Alton	0 vs. McKinley	38
October 16, at Alton :		
Alton	10 vs. East St. Louis	6
October 23, at Springfield :		
Alton	3 vs. Springfield	0
October 30, at St. Louis :		
Alton	0 vs. Central	40
November 3, at Alton :		
Alton	16 vs. Shurtleff Academy	6
November 6, at Alton :		
Alton	8 vs. Edwardsville	0
November 20, at Alton :		
Alton	6 vs. Webster Groves	0
November 25, at Edwardsville :		
Alton	5 vs. Edwardsville	0
Games played, 8. Games won, 6. Games lost, 2.		



Football Team



The Team

CAPTAIN COLEMAN—Coleman's life was in danger all during the season of 1900. Every team wanted to kill him as none could afford to have him on the field. However, his only injury of any note was the one received in the Central game. Central happened to hire a professional who was a bit over the two hundred pound mark, and the professional stepped on Jim's ankle. At Springfield Jim played a good tackling game at end. He dived over the interference and downed his man on the other side. The way he chased the Springfield players on his side of the line made them beware. At half back or tackle Coleman was a terror. He was called back to boot the ball when the full back felt indisposed. His arm never got stiff, but he had a "stiff arm." Being an all-round man, Jim made a good captain and always had the confidence of the team.

RAMP, "Red"—When Alton High wanted to reel off about ten yards on a straight back, Ramp's signal was called, and, when we had a big gain to make in one down, his punt never failed to give the team plenty of breathing space. In the forward pass, Ramp "delivered the goods" in fine shape, and, when he tackled a Webster Groves man or an Edwardsvillite, that unlucky mortal generally kept his eyes open for Alton's full back the next time.

BEALL, "Perce"—At right half Beall carried the pig-skin at least one half of the total distance made by Alton's team during the season. When the play went through, Perce was always tramping on the heels of his interference with the ball tucked away in his solar-plexus region. He received some hard knocks during the season, but he played every minute of every game. At Springfield he made the only points scored by either team by kicking a beautiful place-kick against an angling wind.

ELLISON, "Wib"—The way in which Ellison pushed into the McKinley and Springfield games would do credit to a "Winton-Six." During the first of the season Wilbur played left tackle, but his line bucking and ability to be where he was expected made him shift to left half. A sprained ankle kept him out of the last game or two.

COX, "Face"—When Cox finally decided that he wanted to "make the team," the left end seemed to need him more than any other position, and he filled the place admirably, for he could "bust up" as much interference as any one on the team, and he was a "shark" at getting the forward pass. At Edwardsville, although he was covered by two men, he succeeded in getting a thirty-five yard pass. Hoyt ought to make the "All-American."

ROTHACHER, "Hunch"—Paul started out at full-back, but he was needed in the line, and he soon demonstrated that he is a natural-born end. He



was generally down on a punt before it was well started and was fine with the forward pass. When he threw the ball, it meant the same distance as a good punt. It's a shame to let Paul graduate!

CUTHBERTSON, "Cuddy"—Earle always could play better when the girls were on the side lines, but he played a good tackling game without the inspiring presence of fluttering skirts and pennants. It was hard to keep him "on-side" at Springfield, and, if he gains more muscle this summer, no one can beat him to his place next fall.

MATHEWS, "Face II"—Harry always would scrap to the finish, and, if anything went through right tackle, it must have been related to a motor-truck.

SMITH, "Bob"—Did we have a left guard? No, we used a high-speed, six-cylinder, self-lubricating, flexible frame, long wheel-base battering-ram from Lock Haven. Did it make the holes? No, it just dusted off the gridiron with its nose-guard, and the ball went over for a touch-down.

STOWELL, "Fat"—Put your head down and run up against a stone wall if you want to see what it felt like to be introduced to right guard in a game. Frank was as good natured as he was efficient and always came out of the "pile-up" last.

GREGORY, "Greg"—Greg never grew dizzy from watching the back-field from between his legs, for the ball was snapped right to the man that was called, and then our handsome center would straighten out and invite some one to stand back. He tackled with a vengeance and never complained of injuries because he received none. Wish he were coming back!

RYRIE, "Jack"—Did you see that twenty-yard straight buck at Edwardsville? Jack made it, and the only touch-down that scored there. He can kick pretty drops too, and makes a good center.

WEBER, "Frenchy"—At tackle or guard Oscar used as much ginger as any man on the team, and he was a sure tackler. You simply could not lose confidence in Frenchy.

GARY, Captain-elect, "Rex"—Rex is a little giant. As quarter-back he reminds you of a young tornado and makes a noise like a moving-picture machine when he calls signals. One good thing about him is that he does not hesitate to tackle, and he made some pretty dives last fall. If he puts his usual amount of energy into the 1910 team, it should get the championship.



Basketball Team

BEALL	MOORE	COLEMAN
Left Guard	Coach	Left Forward
RAMP	CUTHBERTSON	
Right Guard	Left Forward	
POWELL	ROTHACHER	
Center	Right Forward	



BASKETBALL TEAM

Left Guard.....Beall, '10
Right Guard.....Ramp
Center.....Taylor, '10, Powell, '10
Left Forward.....Cuthbertson, '12, Coleman, '10
Right Forward.....Rothacher, '10, Captain
Coach—S. J. Moore. Managers—R. L. Bird, Percy Beall.

BASKETBALL RECORD, 1909-1910.

December 11, at Alton—Alton 65 vs. Kane 6.
December 18, at Alton—Alton 27 vs. Bunker Hill M. A. 10.
January 18, at Granite—Alton 14 vs. Granite 48.
January 21, at Alton—Alton 22 vs. Granite 30.
January 29, at Bunker Hill—Alton 52 vs. Bunker Hill M. A. 16.
February 4, at Alton—Alton 14 vs. Hillsboro 26.
Total number of points scored 330. Alton 194, Opponents 136.
Games played 6. Games won 3. Games lost 3.

Basketball Season, 1909-1910

On Monday, November 29, at 3:30, the High School gymnasium was awakened by a crowd of our restless athletes. With Coach Moore in came Coleman, Rothacher, Cuthbertson, Beall, Powell and several more, all eager to secure a place on the first team. After the drudgery of football, basketball is a sort of recreation, and all the boys were willing to practice. They appeared in suits every night for the next two weeks, and on Saturday, December 10, were in good form to meet Kane High School in our gymnasium. Kane, like all farmer teams, was slow, and actually threw three baskets in the entire game. But our men were good at basket-throwing, and displayed good team work. Kane was handicapped by not knowing the game well enough. They were accustomed to playing under the rules in a 1906 rule book. The score was 65 to 6.

A week later Bunker Hill Military Academy ambled into our gymnasium with the intention of defeating us. They played hard through the first half but weakened in the second, and the game ended with the score, Alton 27, Bunker Hill 10.

As the holidays were now near, our men decided to take a vacation. The basketball rolled into a corner of the "gym," where it



stayed until Tuesday night, January 18, when it was dusted and taken to Granite City. We did not think a worse gymnasium than ours could be found, but theirs was little better than a cellar, and they had tried to improve it by padding the sides with sacks and straw. Instead of throwing at the basket, they would run up the side of the "gym" and drop the ball in, and, as there was no rule permitting our men to hold them on the floor, and, as our men were unskilled in wall-climbing, their score reached 48 and ours 14. A return game was scheduled for the following Friday.

For the next three days Alton worked overtime, and Friday night found us in good shape. The Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was secured for the game and also for a large crowd of rooters. Radecke was placed to guard Taft, Granite's best forward, and he held him to three baskets. Rothacher scored more than half the points made by our side. Powell and Coleman were out of the game, and we were defeated again. Granite had 30 points and Alton 22.

On January 29, the team took a week end trip out into the country to Bunker Hill. There they played Bunker Hill Military Academy. Rothacher scored 38 points, while the whole Bunker Hill team scored 16. The final score was, Alton 52, Bunker Hill 16.

We met Hillsboro High School on February 4, in our gymnasium. The Hillsboro team was fast and lively, and our men worked hard. We did good team work, but were unable to hit the basket. Hillsboro won, having 26 points to Alton's 14.

This game ended the season, which, considering the support given by the school, was a success.

P. Z.





Football

COLEMAN, Captain

GARY, Captain-elect

BEALL

SMITH

ROTHACHER

ELISON

COX

GREGORY

STOWELL

WEBER

MATHEWS

RYRIE

RAMP

CUTHBERTSON

Basketball

ROTHACHER, Captain

RAMP, Captain-elect

BEALL

CUTHBERTSON

TAYLOR

POWELL

COLEMAN

BASEBALL TEAM

Catcher.....	Rothacher, '10, Captain
Pitchers.....	Powell, '10; Ramp, '13
First Base	Oglesby, '13
Second Base.....	Heagler, '13
Third Base.....	Glen, '10
Short Stop.....	Woods, '13
Right Field.....	H. Carstens, '12
Center Field.....	Gary, '11
Left Field.....	Lynch, '13
Coach—S. J. Moore. Manager—R. L. Bird.	

BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1910.

April 20, at Western—Alton vs. Western.

May 4, at Shurtleff—Alton vs. Shurtleff.

May 5, at Upper Alton—Alton vs. Upper Alton.

May 7, at Alton—Alton vs. Collinsville.

May 11, at Alton—Alton vs. Western.

May 14, at Alton—Alton vs. St. Louis Business College.

May 21, at Alton—Alton vs. East St. Louis.

May 28, at Alton—Alton vs. Y. M. C. A.

June 4, at East St. Louis—Alton vs. East St. Louis.

THE CLASS GAMES

The Juniors and Freshmen challenged the Seniors and Sophomores to a series of three games of baseball. Their object was to decide the class supremacy, and also to make as much money as possible to provide uniforms for the first team. The challenge was immediately accepted, and the classes held meetings to elect men to captain each team. James Coleman was chosen captain of the Senior-Sophomore team; Joe Ramp of the Junior-Freshmen.

The first game was played at Sportsman's Park. The score was 9-8 in favor of the Senior-Sophomores. The game was interesting up to the very last ball pitched. Until the seventh inning the score was 8-4, with the Junior-Freshmen in the lead; then the other side made a rally, and, after the smoke had cleared away, the score stood 9-8. The J.-F.'s had fallen behind and were unable to recover.

The next and second game was also played at Sportman's. The S.-S.'s seemed to have too many hands, feet or something, for they



made several costly errors, and, before they could repair them, the J.-F.'s had put a wide margin between them. This game was expected to be more closely contested than the first, but the errors on both sides caused the large score of 13-6, in favor of the J.-F.'s.

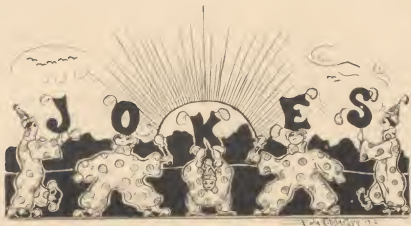
The last and deciding game was played at Greenwood's. It was originally to have been played at Sportsman's, but the rain made the diamond muddy. During the days preceding the game, both teams practiced diligently, and both were determined to win. On the eventful day, it rained, but still the participants were steadfast in their determination to play, so a small crowd and both teams journeyed to the park on the North Side. It rained again, but not a whit daunted they started, and the rain, frightened by such perseverance, desisted. Both teams played well from the start, and everyone knew that the score would be close. The Senior-Sophomores departed from their usual custom and substituted H. Carstens for Powell at pitch, Powell having a lame arm. He did well, considering the wet condition of the ball and the high wind that was blowing. Ramp and Cuthbertson, as usual, officiated on the slab for the J.-F.'s, and did their duty. In the last and deciding inning the score was 8-6 in favor of the J.-F.'s with them at bat. They failed to connect sufficiently with Carstens' slants to gain a larger lead. A fly into the field and two infield rollers, and all was over for the Junior-Freshmen. If they could prevent the Senior-Sophomores from scoring two runs the game was theirs. When the S.-S.'s came to bat, they started by gaining the J.-F.'s tally, but here their efforts ceased, and the struggle was over with the J.-F.'s in the lead, 8-7.

LINE-UP.

JUNIOR-FRESHMEN.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORES.

Ramp, Gary	-----Catcher	-----	Rothacher
Cuthbertson, Ramp	-----Pitcher	-----	Powell, H. Carstens
Levis, Oglesby	-----First Base	-----	Mathews, Beall
Heagler	-----Second Base	-----	H. Carstens, Coleman
Radecke	-----Third Base	-----	Beall, Glen
Woods	-----Short Stop	-----	Glen, Luer
Gary, Lynch	-----Left Field	-----	Coleman, J. Carstens
Oglesby, Levis	-----Center Field	-----	Henney, J. Carstens
Lynch, Cuthbertson	-----Right Field	-----	Powell, Henney



Blasts from the Phonograph

"Blanche, Won't You Boss My Ranch?"

—By Joseph Degenhardt.

"Meet Me on the Corner, Myrtle."—By Rex Gary.

"I'm Nothing but a Poor Old Married Man."

—By Mr. Bird.

Conundrums Answered

1. When is Rhea Curdie like the commercial arithmetic?

Answer—When she is by Moore.

2. With what card does Gertrude Kelsey have most luck?

Answer—The Jack, when hearts are trumps.

3. Why is Miss McCarthy the first to school every morning?

Answer—Because Miss Naylor is the longest in bed.

4. Why are there only two unmarried men teachers in Alton High School?

Answer—Because one is so King(ly) as to disdain a mate, while the other is still Moore so.

5. What is Percy's full name?

Answer—Why, Percy Vering Beall, of course.



A la Burns

BY EARLE LESLIE LEVIS CUTHBERTSON

To a Wee Bedbug

On turning down the covers and beholding one on my knockle.*
April 22, 1910, at Planters' Hotel:

Wee, brownie, biting beastie,
Oh, wha' lang teethie in thy mouthie,
Thou need na' on my knockle* bite me,
Wi' painin' bite,
Or I'll be laith to turn an' smite thee
A' thru the night.

To a Louse

On examining a small chick and discovering the cause of the recent
death of a whole brood, April 25, 1910:

Wee, sleekit, brownie, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, why bite my little chickie?
Thou need'st na kill them a' for me,
An' leave me none;
I wad be laith to try an' kill thee
Wi' th' ole man's gun.

* Knee.



JOSEPH McMULLEN DEBATING



Kaiser Wilhelm Club

Kelsey	Fitzgerald
Morfoot	Burns
Maguire	Donnelly
Powell	Moussard
Coleman	Sheets
McMullen	Hearn
Gaskins	Magee
O'Brien	Moran
Halsey	Moldafsky

Irish Freedom Association

Feldwisch	Schaefer
Zerwekh	Martini
Bratfisch	Volz
Rothacher	Luer
Weindel	Zimmerman
Netzhammer	Stutz
Straube	Lenp
Rubenstein	

Amalgamated Farmers' Association

OFFICERS

ROBERT GRUBBER SMITH, President
FREDERICK BLUEGRASS BOWMAN, Vice-President
TIMOTHY WILBUR ELLISON, Chief Corn-planter
ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE, JAMES COLEMAN, County Delegates

MEMBERS

Robert Bradshaw	Bessie McKee
Henry Carstens	Jennie McKee
John Carstens	William Pace
Nina Cartwright	Arnold Rosebery
Clarke Gillham	Groves Smith
Thomas Haycraft	Martha Stanly
Gertrude Kelsey	

Edith Tonsor (after the Junior play): "Do you think he'd compliment me on the face?"





Knights of Pythagoras

PROGRAM

Address of Welcome and Essay on the Method of the
Study of Geometry in My Alma Mater - - Miss Bails

Song: - - - - - "We're Always on the Square."
MALE QUARTETTE

Taylor Hyatt	John Shine
Henry Carstens	Thomas Haycraft

Recitation, My Constant I and My Variable h - Louise Gregory

Solo, from Light Opera: Please Circle Me with Your
Polygon Hands - - - - - Hilda Straube

Original Oration: Increase of Graft in Our Geometry
Classes - - - - - Professor Edward L. King

Recitation: The Cook That Discovered π - Clara Randolph

Bass Solo: I'm Alone with the Right Angled Vertex - Ruth Dorsey

Debate: Resolved, That Our Geometry Lessons Are Too Difficult.
Affirmative: Sidney Gaskins, Bert Henney, Louise Gillham.
Negative: George Walker, Dorothy Browne, John Ryrie.

Geometrical Proof that $W. L.: H. E.=I. W.: L. B.$

Club Yell, in Unison: One, Two, Three, Geometry!

Extracts from Freshmen Themes

Music is a very nice pasttime, especially on rainy Sundays or any other time.

The parts of a letter are: Heading, dress, sallytation, boddy, clothes, sign-it-here and subscription.

A simile is something that describes something so that it will remind you of something else; example: Work like the deuce.

The oil factory nerves are the nerves of the nose.

The humerus are one of the parts of the eye.

SIDNEY GASKINS

This boy should be known as Aeroplane Sid,
How prodigious a mind in his head doth lie hid!
He's planning great air ships by day and by night,
To elope with ——— on their honeymoon flight.



Echoes of the Classroom

Miss Rich: "Women do not engage in war because they cannot face the shot and powder of the enemy."

Ramp: "Excuse me, Miss Rich, but the majority of girls and women around here are used to face powder."

T. G.: "Queen Elizabeth was very homely because she had red hair."

E. S. Taylor (rising in defense of Julia T.): "Miss Rich, I know a pretty girl with red hair."

"Tait" Hyatt (at basketball game): "Two arms around not allowed!"

"Myrt" Boals: "It is *here*."

First 1¹ to second 1¹ (first day of second semester): "Are you going to get a big or a little tablet?"

V. Wade, when he learned S. Gaskins had also played Brutus in English 2²: "Do all Brutus's have red hair?"

Bratfisch (making a battery): "This battery isn't strong enough."

Gratian: "Put more in it."

Mr. Moore: "I guess I could shock, but I'm afraid I couldn't give much current."

"Fat" Stowell appears on the gridiron wearing a pair of football pants six sizes too small.

Coach: "How'dyuh squeeze into those pants, Bubble?"

"Fat": "With a shoe horn."

Lillian, on Junior hayride: "Well, I believe that I'll settle in the country."

Hermion: "Yes, I believe that I will too."

Miss Naylor, in English History: "There are quite a number of fairs of this sort—county fairs, city fairs, state fairs—"

Hearne: "And car fares."

Mr. Moore, to Taylor: "The more you whisper, the more I'll make the test harder."

"Robert, name one point to be observed in debating."

Whetzel, in mezzo ranine croak: "Always speak in a low tone of voice so as to be heard clearly."

Mr. Moore: "Now let's quit this.....whatchucallem."



GEORGE WALKER

This boy is no very great talker,
But his last name suits to a T;
If you wish to keep pace with George Walker,
Exceedingly spry must you be.

TO A CAP

Get on to the cap, the little checked cap
That's worn by a High School teacher;
Itself not large but beak so long,
And worn by the son of a preacher.
Now, let's have no "Moore" of this,
And we hope we'll not offend,
For here's to Moore and his little cap,
And this line is the end.

ENOUGH

Miss Wempen had a little hand,
She stuck it in a muff,
Jack thought the hand was Gertrude's, and—
But then, we've said enough.



THE BOARD OF EDUCATION REJOICES OVER ITS GENEROSITY
IN GIVING US *one whole holiday*.



Acknowledgments

THE Tatler Board acknowledges with thanks the assistance of the following people, who have helped to make this book a success: The contributors to the various departments; the Melling & Gaskins Printing Co., our printers, who have been exceedingly obliging and painstaking; Mr. Kopp, our photographer, who has been very patient in trying circumstances; the Barnes-Crosby Co., our engravers, who have been prompt and courteous; Miss Bixler and Miss Wempen, and the entire cast of "Anne of Old Salem," for the financial support which THE TATLER derived from the Junior play; the loyal Juniors who obtained subscriptions; and above all the Tatler Board extends to Miss Josephine Gilmore, the faculty adviser, its heartiest thanks for her careful supervision and assistance in all matters.



FINIS





the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health (1999) has set out a vision for the future of mental health care, which includes a commitment to 'improving the lives of people with mental health problems'. This vision is based on the principles of recovery, which focuses on the individual's strengths and abilities, rather than on their diagnosis. Recovery is a process, rather than a destination, and it involves working with the individual to develop a plan for their future.

Recovery is a process, rather than a destination, and it involves working with the individual to develop a plan for their future. The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose. Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs.

The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose. Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs.

Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs. The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose.

Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs. The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose.

Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs. The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose.

Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs. The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose.

Recovery is a process that is unique to each individual, and it is important to work with the individual to develop a plan that is tailored to their needs. The process of recovery is often described as a journey, and it can be a long and challenging one. However, it is a journey that is worth taking, as it can lead to a life of meaning and purpose.

